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MARTIN B. ANDERSON

The Anderson Books

MARTIN B. ANDERSON, LL. D.

BY

A. C. KENDRICK, D. D., LL. D.

12mo, 295 pp.

PAPERS AND ADDRESSES

BY

MARTIN B. ANDERSON, LL. D.

Edited by Professor William C. Morey

2 vols. 12mo.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY

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M. B. Anderson

MARTIN B. ANDERSON, LL. D.

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

ASAHEL C. KENDRICK, D. D., LL. D.

ASSISTED BY

FLORENCE KENDRICK COOPER

Πάντοτε την νέκρωσιν τοῦ Κυρίου Ἰησοῦ ἐν τῷ σώματι περιφέροντες, ἵνα Καὶ ἡ ζωὴ τοῦ Ἰησοῦ . . φανερωθῇ.—PAUL

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY

PHILADELPHIA

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NOTE

"THERE may be two reasons for writing a man's biography. His public service may have been of so valuable a kind as to create a public demand for the details of his history. Or, his private character may have been of so rare an order as to add the materials of inspiration to the public ideals." So writes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the opening sentences of her father's memoir.

The words seem very fitting ones with which to preface the life of President Anderson. Both reasons given apply to him. His public service was of a supreme order. For the cause of education, for his country in her hour of peril, for the generation of men among whom he lived, for the young men whose very souls he dominated, he rendered a service which words can hint, but whose story they can never tell. And his private character was just as conspicuous. Indomitable in will, inflexible in integrity, self-forgetful in purpose, broad in sympathies, kingly in intellect, docile in spirit, unsullied in life, in himself as well as in his service he is more than worthy of such remembrance as a work like this can give.

There is another reason. As is repeatedly said in these pages, Dr. Anderson's students were his sons. For them he had many a parental pang, and they in their turn carry him in their hearts. They admired, they revered, they loved him. They looked upon him as

A chief of men
Who ever was himself his noblest sermon.

They would have all possible means employed to keep his memory alive. From the nature of the case others come in and fill the place where one has wrought. Tradition grows shadowy, and even remembrance becomes faint sometimes, unless now and then revived. And so these sons of the dead president would have some brief memorial by which they themselves may vivify the past and make more distinct the form of him who towered so regally above them. For the one of them who in some measure has been the means of securing this memoir, and who writes these words, the work has been a labor of love. And he dedicates it so far as he may to his brother alumni, knowing there is no one of them all who will not be glad thereof.

The publishers are especially gratified that they have been able to secure the honored Dr. Kendrick to write this memoir of President Anderson. The older "boys" will be glad to have them thus together—"Prex" and "Kai Gar," equally loved of them, fraternally associated in the work of their lives, fittingly linked together in its permanent record. The publishers are gratified too, that they have been able to secure the co-operation of the gentlemen whose names appear in connection with the "Personal Portraiture," alumni all of them but one, and who from the experience of their student life and after years have been able to add to the completeness of the work. And so they send forth this Life of Dr. Anderson with the hope, that while

> The winged years that winnow praise and blame,
> Blow many names out,

it may help to keep his fresh and undimmed.

P. L. J.

PHILADELPHIA.

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I

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY

What curious tales has life in store,
With all its must-be's and its may-be's;
The sage of eighty years and more,
Once crept a nursling on the floor—
Kings, conquerors, judges—all were babies.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

I

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY

MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON was born in Brunswick, Maine, February 12, 1815. To an inquiring visitor in that vicinity recently, two "oldest inhabitants" expressed the opinion that his birthplace was the neighboring town of Freeport, and a third, older than the two oldest, said that "his father's farm was so near to the 'Freeport line' that it was almost on it, and might be over it, he was not certain." The names "Anderson" and "Brewer" were said to be more commonly met with in Freeport than in Brunswick, and to the inquirer it became doubtful whether Dr. Anderson was not to be the object of a not only disputed, but perhaps undetermined birthplace—a prerogative of distinction, not of obscurity. Upon further investigation, a manuscript was found in his own handwriting which settled the question.

Brunswick, a town with a history of its own, and the seat of Bowdoin College, needs no introduction. In this year of our Lord, 1894, village and college are alive with the festivities attending the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the latter. A broad main street, with shadowy cross streets,

the busy falls of the Androscoggin, an old hotel, very proud of its age, several modern public buildings, conscious of being at an unwonted disadvantage in this centennial year, the old post-road to Freeport and to Bath, the pretty college campus bordered with stately buildings, a shrieking locomotive, which rushes past the college so near that it mingles its vague hints of "whence and whither" with those of metaphysics; these are a few of the features that strike a stranger entering the village to-day. In 1815 some of these were lacking; but the past and present are linked together by the trees of the "forest primeval," which stand with old-time strength, but droop with fresh grace and greenness, making a hundred years ago seem a part of the present.

If Bowdoin had graduated no other sons than Longfellow and Hawthorne their Alma Mater would have a name. But there are among her alumni many distinguished men, and the little village is half revealed and half concealed by the lustre of its scholastic reputation. Although Bowdoin did not graduate Martin B. Anderson, the presence of a college in his native village brought inspiration to the boy. The respect for learning that is inwrought by familiarity with scholars, and the names of their pursuits, counts for much in its influence on the culture and career of the young. Doubtless this institution of learning had a share in shaping the life of this impressionable and ambitious youth.

The ancestry of the younger Martin was honorable and somewhat distinguished in the "inhumanities" of war, however, rather than in those that mark the pursuits of the scholar. The warlike spirit lived even in the last generation, and to a degree scarcely less marked. The descendant who said, in one of his "chapel talks," "Make it a rule to stay where you are. If you leave, do not let any one dislodge you. Fight, fight, fight!" and "I shall never feel right till I have thrashed a plumber," had not allowed the blood of the Indian fighter and of the Revolutionary soldier to turn to water in his veins.

The following sketch was written by Dr. Anderson for the "History of Brunswick."

It is true that I am a native of Brunswick, as was my father before me. My father, Martin Anderson, removed to Freeport when I was about three years old. But my grandfather, Jacob Anderson, lived in Brunswick till his death, and my grandmother, *née* Jameson, also continued in Brunswick until her death.

When young I was constantly in Brunswick, and hence feel a natural interest in all that pertains to the town. My ancestors on my father's side were North-of-Ireland Scotchmen. They migrated from the town of Dangamnon, in Tyrone County, Ireland. The date of their arrival I do not know. It must have been somewhere about 1710. They settled for a while near Old Orchard, but soon scattered. My great-grandfather migrated to what is now

known as Flying Point. Here he built a block-house and became a farmer and a somewhat noted Indian fighter during the French war. On this farm my grandfather, also named Jacob Anderson, was born and reared. From this place he left for Washington's army at Cambridge the morning after the news of the battle of Lexington reached Maine. Jacob Anderson removed to Brunswick and cleared a farm lying between the Woodside and Ross farms on the main road from Brunswick to Freeport. The farm has been sold out of the family, and I do not know who owns it. On this farm my father was born and reared. He also bore arms in the war of 1812. His name was Martin Anderson. He died at my house in this city (Rochester, N. Y.), December 7, 1875, at the age of eighty-six. . .

An old story occurs to me of the Revolutionary times in Brunswick. The Woodside family descended from a Church of England clergyman. Anthony Woodside, his son, was naturally a Tory. He was a boisterous-talking man, and annoyed the patriots very much. At a town meeting, held at the old town meeting-house, on the plain east of the village about a mile, he was a serious obstruction to the measures which they wished to carry. Finally the patriots dug a hole in the sand and buried him to the chin. My grandfather interceded with Brigadier Thompson for permission to dig his neighbor from the sand. The old patriot general stammered. His reply was, "L-l-let him st-st-stay there till the re-re-resurrection." I am sorry that I cannot give you more facts. My life has been a laborious one, and I have had no time for genealogical inquiries. My ancesters were all plain

farmers and mechanics; but they were honest people and patriotic to the core. I believe all my grandfather's brothers, as well as himself, served in the Revolutionary army. They were old-school Federalists and loved the Union.

Dr. Anderson's mother was of English descent. Her maiden name was Jane Brewer, and she was born in Freeport. Thus the son had mingled in his veins the blood of Scot and Celt and Briton; in form, face, temperament, and character, he showed plainly the influence of these neighboring but differing races.

> O lady and lover, how faint and far
> Your images hover—and here we are—
> Solid and stirring in flesh and bone—
> Edward's and Dorothy's, all your own.

"Solid and stirring" well describe the traits of character and of person inherited by the boy Martin from his parents. His mother was a woman of unusual force. The Briton's strong will and love of independence were her dowry to her son. She had a deeply religious nature, and was an ardent advocate of temperance.

Dr. Joseph Ricker, of Augusta, Maine, in a recent book describes vividly the customs as to the general use of liquor that prevailed, especially in country districts, in the early part of this century. He says: "At the dawn of the nineteenth century and for many years thereafter, we were fast becoming a nation of drunkards. . . Its (the rum-bottle's)

aid was invoked alike to assuage grief and to augment joy. At the 'raising' of buildings, the harvesting of hay, the husking of corn, with the music of wedding-bells, or the sad notes of the funeral dirge, at the dedication of churches, the ordination of ministers, the voting precincts of citizens, the mustering of soldiers for drill and duty—its presence was anticipated as a matter of course, and its absence regretted if inevitable, and resented, if intentional." In addition to this: "Figuratively speaking, cider flowed in rivers throughout the land. . . It may be said that it was always on the table at meal-time; always dispensed to callers, come when or whence they might; always conveniently near to quench the thirst of toilers in field or shop, and always within call during the cozy evening hours."

This condition, existing in the same region as that in which the family of Mr. Anderson lived, throws into bold relief the position assumed by Mrs. Anderson on this subject. There were some already thundering against such a state of things. But the work of the Hon. Neal Dow was not only not done, but was unbegun; a work which made, later, of Maine, a typical temperance community. Mrs. Anderson took extreme temperance ground, a position remarkable at that time in that community.

She was an undemonstrative woman, as must be inferred from her son's statement that he never remembered receiving a kiss from her. She loved her

boy, however, as well as more demonstrative mothers do, and he regarded her with great reverence as well as warm affection. In one of his latest addresses, he referred with breaking voice to her early training, and described how she led him, a little lad, by the hand to the Baptist church. She was a woman of considerable education. In a letter to his sister from college, he writes: "Observe and imitate mother; you can have no better guide in correct speaking than she." She died in Waterville, Maine, in 1848.

Mr. Anderson was a man of great personal merit and of unusual intelligence. He was a ship-carpenter by trade, but his alert mind was not confined in a ship-yard. The correspondence carried on between father and son during their separations was remarkable. Page after page is often filled with keen observations on politics, religion, education, and business. An accident in the ship-yard disabled the father from carrying on his trade while Martin was still a boy of sixteen. From that time the elder does what he is able to do, but the younger is the responsible bread-winner and family adviser. From his father, Dr. Anderson inherited quick intuitions, a power of ready and forcible speech, and an emotional nature, manifesting itself in quick tears, a quick temper, and a certain rather broad, but telling, kind of humor. The tenderest affection always existed between father and son.

Few facts are attainable relating to the early life

in Brunswick and Freeport. The home was humble, and offered little opportunity to young ambition. It was a home of poverty—

> But of comforts, and riches, and blessings,
> Which silver and gold cannot buy—
> The things that make royal the forehead,
> And set a delight in the eye,—
>
> Of these, the deep spiritual graces,
> That give unto life its divine,

that first home, like the last, had ample store; it was a home where religion ruled and education was revered.

It is always difficult to realize that any sort of giant begins like smaller folk. It is almost amusing to think of the huge form, which obeys the summons of memory at the mention of Dr. Anderson's name, as ever minute enough to be confined within the limits of an ordinary baby's cradle. It must be supposed that the infant Martin kicked off the blankets and insisted "on his legs being free" with rather extraordinary demonstrations of determination. It causes a smile to imagine him in "dresses" —a humiliation to which earth's mightiest are for a time subjected. There is no account of the beginnings of his mental processes. He was precocious, for he could read at the age of three years, a record not beaten by the intellectual feats of the infant Macaulay. If his later passion for asking questions was developed as early as his ability to

read was acquired, he must have led his parents a proud but perplexed existence, impeded by the worn-out remains of encyclopædias and dictionaries.

The germ of the fifty-year old philosopher is in the five-year old, and is more actively troublesome. The questions of the average child are adapted to furrow the brow and blanch the hair of the conscientious parent. "Papa!" said one dear little New-England boy, as a wild nor'easter bowed the trees and rocked the house, "Papa! how can such *thin* wind *push* so?" In absence of records it must be assumed that the young Martin was an eager, active child in mind and body, that his strong nature must have caused apprehension as well as pride, in his youth, to his parents, and that they never gave more profoundly heart-felt and grateful acknowledgments to God than when their son took upon himself the vows of the Christian church. Not until he was on the threshold of manhood did this event occur. But, in the meantime, no sowings of wild oats sullied his reputation. Old residents of Brunswick and of Bath speak with pride of his "correct youth" and of his interest in everything worthy and manly.

He went to school in the winter and in the summer he worked in the ship-yard. The habits of accuracy as well as of industry, that marked his maturity, were largely the result of the careful work required of him in the ship-yard. The sea is

not to be trifled with, and the young shipwright learned to drive his nails straight. That the nails went deep no one who has seen his powerful arms in motion can doubt. He breasted wind and tide, and he learned, unconsciously, lessons of struggle with adverse elements, and of their conquest, which strengthened his moral and mental as well as his physical being. In one of his late public addresses, in speaking of the fundamental nature of discipline in the formation of character, he says: "When I was a boy I never wished to chop wood; I never wished to take care of a cow; but I was obliged to do it. My mother said 'Go,' and I went; I am thankful now for the discipline." This reference to the homely duties of a boy's life in a country village, gives a glimpse into the nature of the influences at work upon him.

Mrs. Plunkett brilliantly opens her "Life of Dr. Holland" by quoting the famous recipe for greatness: "Give a boy Parts and Poverty." In remote Brunswick these conditions were fulfilled. The recipe held good. It might be added that the "parts" must have in them a controlling element of sound moral fibre, and that the "poverty" must be free from its possible degradations. Certainly it is a glorious endowment to have in the veins the blood of strong, pure spirits, and to be born into a morally and physically invigorating atmosphere.

Such was the inheritance in blood, and such the native air of Martin B. Anderson.

II

THE LIFE IN BATH

I would fain grow old learning many things.

—*Solon.*

II

THE LIFE IN BATH

THE residents of Brunswick, and of Bath, who are familiar with the history of the Anderson family speak with emphasis of Martin's early maturity, of his determination to obtain a liberal education, of his lack of money for that object, except as he provided it for himself, and they say, significantly, "every one knew that he would amount to something." He is still described as "Martin Anderson who was so intent on getting an education."

A certain bishop is reported to have said, "Give me the training of a boy till he is ten, and you may then do what you will with him." The twig is certainly bent before that age, and in this case the coming man was easily divined from the ambitious boy. It took native pluck, and a liberal supply, for him to determine upon and to carry through a scheme of education. The modern youth who, at his father's expense, goes to college as a matter of course, who graduates and post-graduates at home, and then re-graduates and post-post-graduates abroad, belongs to a different species from the young man of a New England village, three-quarters of a century ago.

When Martin was sixteen years old, his father removed his family from Freeport to the neighboring town of Bath. Bath is an old town, having celebrated its centennial in eighteen hundred and eighty. It was, when Mr. Anderson removed thither, as it is now, a place of importance as a ship-building center. With the change of residence came a change of occupation. Mr. Anderson turned to school-teaching, his physical strength being unequal to the pursuit of his former occupation. He had always been respected for his intelligence, but his new employment brought him into closer relation with so much of intellectual life as the town afforded.

For the boy of to-day, even the boy of the farm and the village, it is difficult to conceive the meagreness of the intellectual resources of the best equipped home and school at that time, and in that place and similar places.

In another town, in a neighboring New England State, in a pastor's home, the hungry minds of eight eager children were fed on two or three of Shakespeare's plays, all incomplete, the "Children of the Abbey," and "The Pastor's Fireside," as the supply of general literature. There was in addition one marvelous book, "Lewis and Clark's Travels to the Head-Waters of the Mississippi." This book recounted the explorations of two daring adventurers as far northward as the present site of St. Paul, Minnesota. The heart of Africa, or the

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rivers of Middle China do not seem so remote, so strange, so unknowable to-day to the youngest reader, as seemed that far north point on that American river to a well-grown boy on the eastern edge of this continent, in the first quarter of the century. Add to the list of books named a few religious "works," besides the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Saints' Rest," and there is a nearly complete list of a "large library" in those times for a private house to possess. The majority of the village householders were guiltless of the extravagance of owning a book. The "Library" had become a feature among the public institutions of some of the more ambitious towns. But the public library is, even to-day, a plant of slow growth outside of the large cities, and at that time had scarcely taken root.

Bath, however, had its literary aspirations. There was a debating club, of which young Anderson showed himself a valuable member. He is said not to have been a "Beau Brummel" in appearance at that time, but neither was he a "Beau Brummel" in brains. He was keen and alert in thought and speech, and gave promise of his later platform success. To his practice in this club he attributed the facility in "thinking on his feet," for which he was remarkable throughout his life, and for his ease and dignity of manner on the public platform. He began at this time the process of systematic self-education which he never relaxed. In later life the

duty that one owes to one's self in regard to education, and of assisting others in their efforts toward this end, was one of his favorite topics in public exhortation, or in private admonition. In an earnest address before the convention of Baptist Social Unions, he laments that so little is said publicly, and especially from the pulpit, on the duty of creating an educated laity, and makes a powerful plea for a "higher education" that shall be universal.

The life at Bath was marked by a spiritual, as well as an intellectual awakening. During a revival of religion he became interested, and at the age of eighteen he experienced that inward transformation which is truly a "conversion." He often said, "men are savages, tamed if tamed at all, by their wives and the grace of God." Just when the savage in him was at its strongest the taming process was powerfully begun. From this time every faculty of his moral and spiritual nature developed rapidly.

The principles of living whose declaration was among the latest utterances of his failing voice were implanted in his heart during these momentous days. The love of truth, the claims of duty, and especially, the resolve to do what he could to benefit his fellow-men—these exalted motives took possession of his soul. It was not only the initial act of a personal spiritual consecration that he performed when he united with the church at Bath. That act marked in him a widened outlook, a deepened chan-

nel, a higher aim for every faculty and activity of his being. Through fightings within, and some fightings that were not altogether within, through failures and through triumphs, from that time he was the unwavering preacher and teacher of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, maintaining with its friends and foes alike its historic power and its future triumph.

It was about this time, when he was nineteen years of age, that he wrote the following letter to a friend and neighbor in Bath, a sea-captain:

BATH, February 26, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have sat down this morning to write a few lines to one toward whom I have ever felt sentiments of love and respect, on the all-important subject of religion. Pardon me, sir, for this intrusion, but the momentous importance of the subject I trust will be my excuse. I think, if I know my own heart, that I feel sensibly the importance of attending to the concerns of our souls before it shall be eternally too late, and I feel a trembling hope that God has pardoned my sins. Oh, sir, you will never have the sins to answer for that I have. My sins against God have been aggravated by my privileges. I acknowledge that we landsmen have a great many more religious advantages than those who follow the sea. But this will not excuse you from attending to the subject of your soul.

God speaks to you by a louder voice than that of dying man when the storms rage and the billows

are wrought into fury; when your frail vessel is tossed on high, when the water rushes through the seams and, to the eye of reason, you are fast verging on the eternal world. It speaks to you in a voice louder than thunder, "Prepare to meet thy God." When in foreign climes the pestilence walketh in darkness and destruction wasteth at noonday, it speaks to you, "Mortal man, you are bound to eternity." Oh, eternity—what an awful import in that word. God speaks to you by his blessings, when you are preserved from all danger and returned to your friends and family. I think, my dear sir, that if you speak the truth, often you have seen the time when you would have given all you possessed for a well-grounded hope that it would be well with you when you come to die. . .

Pardon this freedom I have taken with you—nothing but a deep sense of our accountability to God could make me use this freedom with a superior. . . Yours,

MARTIN B. ANDERSON.

The question of his education was a pressing one at this time. He worked in the ship-yard with unremitting energy, using a part of his earnings for the family support, and reserving a part for his college expenses. Out of his own experience was born his later zeal to help ambitious boys hampered by poverty. In the address already mentioned, he refers sympathetically to the "twenty-five or thirty young men, annually under my instruction, who have no claim upon any fund, no backing of any sort, except that of their own back-bone." He did

not, however, believe very fully, at any time, in what may be called the "indulgences" of education. Had he had a son, doubtless he would have done as other fathers do, in this day of educational luxury ;—

> The heir of all earth's heritage
> Was Jim at forty years of age ;
> The lore of all the years was shut
> And focused in his occiput.

He would probably have given to his son every "advantage," but such a course would have been in opposition to his judgment to a certain extent.

He believed that no number of colleges educate a boy like the training school of self-support, the necessity of self-reliance, and that a mind may continue to take in without giving out, until the faculties become enervated, and lose their power to get a good grip on thought and work. With the dissipation of the mental powers and with undefined activi ties he had no patience. Aim and achievement were the only "open sesame" to his highest respect.

He prepared himself for college slowly, as he was able to, and entered Waterville College, now Colby University, at Waterville, Maine, in 1836. A cousin of Dr. Anderson, Mr. J. E. Jameson, now living at Bath, in answer to some questions concerning his cousin, Martin B. Anderson, said: "Remember him? Why, I rowed him across the river when he went to college. He walked three miles down to the river, and then after he got across he walked the rest of

the way. I rather think he *had* to. But he was bound to go to college, and I remember as though it were yesterday the day he came tramping down to the river." Another cousin, Miss Jameson, said: "All the old people remember him and his father, Deacon Anderson. They loved the church, and Martin was so clever that we were all proud of him. He loved to come back to Maine, and we were proud and pleased to see him. And we thought he had a beautiful wife. She was such a lady. We liked her much."

When Martin went to college he left behind in the family home his father and mother, both delicate in health, and his only sister, Maria. He never returned to Bath except for brief visits, and the family joined him in Waterville a few years later. He must have felt a keen pleasure in finding, when he returned on visits in later years, that in spite of absence and independently of his mature reputation he still lived as a boy, in his early home, in vivid remembrance and in honorable tradition.

III

WATERVILLE—AS A STUDENT

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much.

—*Noah Barker.*

III

WATERVILLE—AS A STUDENT

WATERVILLE COLLEGE is a Baptist institution now rapidly nearing the "morn of its hundredth year." The name, just given, was changed in 1864 to "Colby University," in recognition of the gift of fifty thousand dollars to the college, from Mr. Gardner Colby, of Newton, Massachusetts. Although its usefulness was for many years restricted by the lack of funds—until the gift just mentioned and others, less generous in amount, but no less so in spirit, relieved its stringency—this college has enrolled among its officers and alumni a large number of notable men.

Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin was its first president, and held the office during the first thirteen years of its existence. The young college was poor in money, but rich in dignity. It is said of Dr. Chaplin that "he was a father to the students in, perhaps, the best sense of the word, but like all college presidents of that time, he stood much upon ceremony. Thus, if a student had occasion to speak to him, even though it were out of doors and in a pouring rain, and failed to remove his hat, the good doctor would instantly remove his own and follow the act

with a suggestion that the abashed young man would not soon forget." At the time when Dr. Anderson entered college, the president was Robert E. Pattison, D. D., a man of rare qualities as a man, as a teacher, and as an executive officer.

A lifelong friendship was begun between the president that was and the president that was to be. Among the faculty of instruction were Professors George W. Keely, Phinehas Barnes, Justin R. Loomis, and James T. Champlin, all men of high personal character, and of distinction in their profession. Of his teachers in college, Dr. Anderson while a student held a very high opinion, which was strengthened by his own experience as a teacher. At the time of his conversion he had resolved upon the Christian ministry as the only profession that would satisfy his awakened sense of duty, and it was with this in view that he began his course of study in college. He had at one time, incited by his success as a "debater" in the debating club at Bath, thought strongly of entering the profession of the law. This purpose he had abandoned entirely.

He took the regularly prescribed college course, although he had no great liking nor talent for some of its branches. Elective courses were not usual, but even had they been, he would not have availed himself of them. Upon this compliance on his part with the customary routine of study, he in later years heartily congratulated himself. Indeed,

he became aware, he says, very soon after entering college, "of the beneficial effect upon his own development of the especially close study which he gave to those branches in which he was at first least interested and least proficient."

His experience at that time, and his later experience and observation, strengthened his original confidence in the wisdom of insisting upon the established course of study, giving very limited encouragement, except in rare instances, to the demands for an elective course. He gives his views in full on this subject, in an address delivered when he opened, as chairman, the convention of college presidents, held at Ithaca, N. Y., on the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the University of the State of New York. His position on this subject was thoroughly sincere, and was in accordance with the structure of his own mind. Unlike most men of equal intellectual strength, he had himself no special aptitude, but skill in educing from all sources and of assimilating useful knowledge was one of his most marked mental characteristics. He was never a specialist; neither could he have been, nor would he have cared to be.

In college he was a leader, not always at the head of his class, but a natural authority, in class and outside of the class-room. As an instance of his instinct for leadership, an incident is told of a fire in Waterville soon after his arrival there.

A panic arose. There was no order, and the fire

was rapidly gaining headway. Suddenly the towering figure of Anderson appeared on the top of a barrel brandishing an axe, enforcing attention and commanding action. Owing to his promptness and efficiency the panic was subdued and the fire extinguished. One of his associate students, from whose interesting book on the Baptist history of Maine of that period quotations have already been made, gives "willing and grateful testimony to the stimulating and wholesome effect of his society," and also says: "He was no random talker; but he seemed to talk out of a mind so full that he often had no adequate sense of the weight and worth and significance of what he was saying. . . Many a time in those old college days did some chance saying of Anderson suggest, as by a flash of light, new lines of thought and inquiry which he (the writer) might otherwise have missed, and so have suffered great loss. . . In the spell of his presence there was a power at once difficult to define and impossible to escape. His wit and wisdom, his chance epigrams, his wealth of allusions to the great men and great events of the past, his apt quotations from this author and that, his casual hints, so suggestive of abundant stores still in reserve, all conspired to give him extraordinary influence with every one whom his college life touched."

Base ball and foot ball did not, in those days, ensnare the athletic sympathies and activities of

college boys. But old-fashioned "ball" and quoits were popular. Swimming was in vogue, and Martin B. Anderson, Samuel Lunt Caldwell, afterward a preacher of note and president of Vassar College, and Benjamin F. Butler often appeared together, *rari nantes*, tumbling about in the sparkling waters of the Kennebec. Some idea of the more personal conditions of his college life may be gathered from his letters to his father, written while he was a student. They are the letters of a devoted son, in whom ambition had not dulled the love of his home and of his parents, but in whom this affection was predominant over his private interests and advancement. They are the letters of a truly Christian young man, whose inward life, though full of intense feeling and conflict, needs not to be concealed. They are so manly and earnest and serious in their views of life as to be pathetic in a man under twenty-five years of age. Gratitude, the noblest of virtues, shines out in luminous relief. As friend with friend, the father and son exchange long letters on topics of public and private interest. Letters were luxuries in those days, and luxuries had not yet become, as now, necessaries. They seem to be the one luxury which the economical habits and the limited means of the family permitted. The following is Martin's first letter home from college:

WATERVILLE, September 8, 1836.

DEAR FATHER: I arrived here yesterday morn-

ing in good health and spirits. I stopped at Mrs. ———'s, but was not able to get examined before to-day. We have been all day doing penance before a severe-faced professor, and to-night, just before sunset, Barnes gave us our sentence and our certificates are to be made out to-morrow morning. I have not been able to make any arrangement with regard to my things, but to-morrow shall go at it. I think of boarding in commons. I want the feather bed sent up, as we cannot get any hay or straw to lie on. My chest came safe. Everything appears pleasant. The president I like very much; he is very mild and gentlemanly. We have been examined most critically, but I have reason to be thankful they admitted me. I think that I can get along with what money I have.

Give yourself no uneasiness about me, only remember me in your prayers. Write me soon everything that is interesting, and write as soon as you receive this. I will write more next time. Give my love to all who inquire.

Your son,

MARTIN.

To father and mother.

WATERVILLE, September 22, 1836.

DEAR FATHER: Excuse me for not writing before, for positively I have not had time to write a letter. Our studies drive us so hard that they, with the necessary exercise, take all our time from sunrise till bedtime, whether it come late or early. . . I board in commons and have good board, and hope it will not cost more than seven and sixpence a week, but cannot tell at all. . . I work three

hours a day almost all the time, but it does not amount to much, except as exercise, which is invaluable. As it is, I enjoy excellent health, and on the whole I am more pleased with college life than I anticipated.

In one point I am disappointed for the better—that is in the moral and religious character of the college, which with very few exceptions is decidedly good. Seventeen in our class are professors of religion, the whole number being about thirty. A respectable majority of the other classes are also pious, and very many of them are excellent young men. The president in particular fills his station with honor to himself and satisfaction to the students. . . Tell Maria she must be a good girl and study hard, and see how much she can improve before I get home. . . Tell me whom you have to preach now. Give my respects to Mr. M——; tell him I should be very happy to know the results of the debates in the club. Do send me a Bath paper or two. I want to hear the results of the election there and other news. Write me about my class in the Sunday-school. . . Tell mother I make an excellent housewife—sweep my room every morning, and make my bed every night before we get into it.

Your son,

MARTIN.

The "we" mentioned in the last sentence includes young Anderson's "chum," Oakman Sprague Stearns, better known to the younger generation as "Dr. Stearns," for many years before his death—which has but recently occurred—the beloved and

revered pastor and professor at Newton, Mass. His father, the Rev. Silas Stearns, was the pastor of the Baptist church at Bath at the time when Martin Anderson resided there, and he baptized the young Martin and his own son, Oakman, at or about the same time. The two young men entered college together, and "being members of the same church and . . . having in view the same end it was but natural that they should become roommates as well as classmates." "Thus was begun a lifelong friendship between men of rare nobility of character and purpose." Together they studied, recited, engaged in the work of the shop, and long and affectionate letters exchanged after they were separated proved that familiarity bred respect and affection. The expenses of the college term seem ludicrously small, but it took a struggle sometimes to meet them. They "ranged from eleven dollars to fifteen dollars per term, and included tuition, room rent, and sundry smaller items, such as use of text-books, incidental repairs, and the like. Table board in the village could be had for one dollar and fifty cents or one dollar and seventy-five cents per week. In the college 'commons' it was often considerably less. But a few, by stress of poverty, felt obliged to board themselves in their rooms, in which event the cost was from forty-six to about seventy-five cents weekly." As will be seen by references in a later letter, young Anderson acted as "commissary" for a time, by which he lessened

his own expenses, and proved a very valuable assistant to others by his skill in economizing.

The following letter has no date except that of the month. The handwriting indicates that it was written at about the same time as the preceding letter:

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, October 14th.

DEAR FATHER: Shortly after I wrote you last I received your kind letter, and really, did you know how much pleasure it gave me, I think you would write oftener. Accept my heart-felt thanks for the good advice you gave me and all that parental assiduity with which you and mother have watched over my early years. In reviewing my early life, if there is anything more than another that I am thankful for it is that I have had such parents. Eternity alone can unfold the influence you have had on my young mind, fiery and impatient of restraint as it was and prone to wander from the path of rectitude. God grant that I may prove as dutiful a son as you have been parents. And I shall not fail in my duty to you. I continue to work in the shop, earning sometimes more and sometimes less. With regard to a school, I have concluded that it will not do for me to stay out of college one day if I can possibly help it. If I could get into your school for the time of the vacation and no longer I should be very glad; but if I cannot—there it is! . . . I have to work hard to keep up with my class now, as it is, and if I should lose a week or two more in this year it will be a great detriment to me. I must try and make up the deficiency by economy. President says he loans money to a

young man proving by the *appearance of his coat* that he does not mean to be absent in term time.

The faculty drive very much and it is impossible to be in college without doing your utmost. Perhaps the faculty of instruction was never better than at present. . . I hope to pay my term bills by labor at least, and if I cannot get along without it, I must borrow money. I don't want to be the lubber all the time I am in college, as I am now, if I can help it. Stearns and I get along very well, and if I was but a decent scholar, I should enjoy myself better than I ever did before. Write me about your school. Work up the ambition. That's the way to make them study. Tell me all about Bath you can think of. Give my best respects to Mr. M——. Tell ——— that Prof. B—— has introduced Andrews & Stoddard's grammar into our class. He says it is much the best book extant.

Remember me to all who inquire. I wish you to write to me often. It does me good to hear from home. Stearns sends his respects. Remember me to Maria and tell her not to forget me. . .

Waterville College, March 11, 1837.

My Dear Father and Mother: From the tenor of your last letter I perceive that you thought it strange that I did not write. Forgive me if I have neglected you, which was the farthest from the intention of my heart. Constant occupation and paucity of incidents prevented me from writing, and after the fire I concluded of course that you would write me the particulars, and I waited and waited in vain until I received your letter.

We kept on the day we started four miles beyond

Bowdoinham. I took passage with another man and kept with him till night, when we arrived at Augusta. I suffered some from cold. . . I tried to get a passage, but gave it up, and went to the legislature with Mr. R——, who treated me very politely. My impressions of the character of the congregated wisdom of our State I confess were not very favorable. They were discussing the disposition of the surplus fund. I stopped till noon and then put my address on my trunk, took my cloak on my arm, started for Waterville on foot, and arrived there at eight o'clock in the evening. Went to sleep with Pattison. At ten o'clock, just as we were going to bed, the president's girl saw a light in the reading room in the south college. We moved over with some expedition. I burst the bell-ringer's door, and seized the bell-rope, etc. Went down, discovered the fire was in the ceiling under the president's fire-place. A soph. by the name of Lapham and myself entered by a stove-in window and dealt the cooling liquid around with fine effect. In two minutes the fire was subdued with trifling damage. I got my coat torn, however, and a sound wetting besides. I got my coat mended for twenty-five cents so well that it can hardly be seen. All we could say was that Providence saved the college. I was somewhat fatigued the next day from my walk of eighteen miles and my violent exercise, but was soon well.

Your son,

MARTIN.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, July 8, 1837.

DEAR PARENTS: I received your letter in due

time. I was sorry that you had been uneasy on my account, as I have enjoyed excellent health, except that I got some sand in one of my eyes and had an eye stone in it, which inflamed the other eye very much. . . The Fourth passed off without any difficulty. The boys fired away a cask of powder in the village, and displayed the fine flags on the college building, one of which was purchased for the occasion, with the motto of the college, *Lux mentis scientia*, which is, being interpreted, "Knowledge the light of the mind," printed on it.

Down in town we had an oration. The speakers stuffed the mechanics and farmers with soft soap and Jacobinism, which you may judge did not suit me very well. . .

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, November 2, 1837.

DEAR FATHER: There is one thing I wish to speak about your teaching—that is, to teach by analysis. I am convinced that you will find it to your advantage in teaching. The method is this, as you perceive from the meaning of the word: begin by asking the scholar what the main object of the lesson is, then let him name the principal subdivisions in such a manner that he will have a clear idea of the design of the whole lesson—what the author wishes to prove; then let him descend to particulars, and in this way he will understand his lesson. The principle is like this: let a man work all his days in the ship-yard with tools, and if he does not analyze the whole work of a ship he never can make one. He looks only at a part. . .

Yours,

MARTIN.

College, April 16, 1838.

Dear Parents: I was sorry to learn that mother was unwell and also father. You must both be as careful as possible. It is a bad time of year for health. You say the rum champions carried the day in Bath. I am sorry, but cannot help it. Your information about the meeting-house was not at all unexpected. I had determined to write you on the subject some time since, but I forgot it when I wrote.

The measure was concocted especially by ——— of this town, who was a representative. It is a measure worthy of Judas Iscariot, designed to sow dissension in societies. These Jacobins cannot have sufficient power while the majority rule. Let our *wise* legislators carry out the principle they have thus recognized, and it would sap the foundations of civil society. . .

There has been some revival in the west part of the town. Sixteen were baptized yesterday. . . We have looked and hoped for a revival in college, but as yet in vain. We need the prayers of the churches. I fear there is little heart-felt, effective prayer for this institution in the Baptist denomination in this State. I believe if the churches felt the importance of fervent prayer for the object, they would not complain so much that the college does nothing for the churches. They cannot expect a blessing through the college if they do not pray and labor for it. In truth they ought not to have a blessing on any other condition. When the interests of learning and religion, as connected with this college, bear with such weight on their minds that morning and midnight bear witness to their prayers,

then the college will be a fountain of blessing that will make glad the city of God. . .

Her (Maria's) moments are precious. I should like to have her with some person who would be competent to teach her, and at the same time form her manners. Suffer her to use no vulgarisms. I find those early vulgarisms I learned in the yard hanging about me to my sorrow. . . Above all things cultivate tenderness of conscience. Teach her the fearfulness of sinning. Lay up in heaven a stock of parents' prayers for her, and they will be answered sooner or later. Pray for me, that my conscience may be susceptible, that my religious feelings may be deepened, and that God may make me holy. Tell Maria to write me a letter to send up by Stearns at the end of the vacation. I want you to tell me the result of the town meeting and your prospects for a school, etc.

Your son,
MARTIN.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, April 30, 1838.

DEAR FATHER: I this morning received your letter for which I had been looking anxiously for some days. There are some reasons why I should not come home, and I will give them in full. First, the cost would be enough to pay for a new pair of boots I have bought, and I wish, if God will, to travel some in the vacation. I need it very much. I have not set my mind on this and shall not be disappointed either way. Next, my board costs nothing, and I want to buy some provision to save time in the subsequent term. And also there is an interesting time here, rather, in religion. You cannot

wish me at home more than I wish to be there, but I think the reasons are sufficiently strong to justify my course.

You speak of affairs on which you wish to consult me, but you can write to me and I shall have time to write. You say your prospects are not good, but you must not be discouraged. God will provide for you most certainly. . . I have just made an estimate of board ; it amounts to one dollar and eleven cents a week—lower than I expected. Almost every one thinks there must be some mistake, but I have not been able to discover any as yet. If I do, a new dividend will be made. They gave me about eleven dollars besides my board. I may want some money this term, but I shall know better after I settle up. . . I believe the most perfect satisfaction exists on the part of every one as to my conduct as commissary. I have made up my mind to continue next term, although it retards my progress a little in study. If President Pattison comes to Bath, you can ask him for particulars. . . I will let you know so that if he does come you may be at home. Remember I am your boy, and you have committed a trust to him, and you should know all about the circumstances connected with it. We have now finished examinations. Mr. Stearns has come and chum goes home with him in the morning. I want to go very much, but I have not finished my business and it is best for me to stay. I expect to be some lonesome. I want you to sit down and write me a long letter and tell me all the news and particulars of your business, and I will write and answer it. . . I put a piece of sap sugar into Stearns' trunk for Maria. My clothes I have got mended

very well. I want a few fashionable dickeys which you may send by Stearns, a pair or two of stockings, if you have them; if not, no matter about it. If anything is done about the school let me know it, and also how your money matters stand, how much you owe, etc. It would be interesting to me. Give my respects to all who inquire.

Your son,

MARTIN.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, July 24, 1838.

DEAR PARENTS: I had become extremely uneasy before I received your last letter. I thought you must be all sick or you would not keep me in such suspense. I really suffered much, not knowing what your condition was. I am glad to hear that father is better, though I fear he is far from well. All I can say is, be very careful, and if he does not get better or grows worse let me know it, and I will come home immediately. Think nothing of my duties here, because my duties to my parents take precedence of all other duties. Justice demands this, aside from the debt of gratitude for favors received. . .

Your son,

MARTIN.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, November 20, 1838.

DEAR FATHER: You wish to know about ——. He has been an heirloom here for four or five years, has been handed down from class to class. He says he will have a degree if he stays fourteen years, and I am afraid he won't get it much sooner.

His morals are good and he is a professor of religion in good standing. . . Tell Maria she shall have an answer to her letter. It was a very good one. There was one word misspelled—sale, for sail.

Your son,

MARTIN.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, Nov. 15.

DEAR FATHER: I received your letter in due time. All the fault I find with your letters is that they are too short. The last one you sent before this was really an apology for a letter. A classmate told me there was a letter in the office for me, and away I posted down town to get it. But what a letter! about a fair size for a dunning letter. I was really provoked. Really, I don't want you to send so much clean paper away up here. Do fill your letters up with something. . . We have the very best of preaching here. . . Our exegetical exercises on Hebrews are very valuable indeed. Give my love to all. Good-night.

MARTIN.

Quotations from one more letter will close the selections made from the letters of the student. These selections have been made with the object of portraying his college life, and domestic and personal relations and traits, rather than to illustrate his interest in public affairs—the correspondence relating to these requiring often more explanation than the limits of this book admit, since it refers to persons and events almost unknown to this generation. It has been in some cases impossible to determine

to just what events of a public character reference was made, owing to the natural ellipses of a frequent informal correspondence. The personalities of these letters have not been made public in order to gratify curiosity, but because so much of genuine nobility of heart is revealed in these spontaneous, simple utterances of filial and fraternal devotion.

WATERVILLE, June 21, 1840.

DEAR FATHER: I was truly happy to hear that your health is improving, and that you are getting on so well at home. My health is improving slowly. When I wrote to you I was much better, but I either took a slight cold or a little too much exercise, and was not so well afterward. I had become very weak, and the slightest thing caused a relapse. I am gaining strength steadily but slowly. . . . I am still thinking some about my destination, but I give myself no uneasiness about it. The folks at New York have concluded that no man but a Congregationalist from a Congregational college can be a sufficient scholar to serve that dignified body, the trustees of New York Academy. Well, so be it. . . My desire is to go to Newton without delay, but I am willing that the thing should be just as Providence dictates. I want you and mother to think of it. I should like for you to get some stuff and get —— or some one to make me a bosom for commencement, and make it just as she thinks looks the best, that is, neatest and most tasteful. I am here now on a farm, and work when I please and play when I please, and hope thus to restore the general tone of my system, which, you

know, is all I want or can do for myself. Has Maria begun to read French? Tell her to write me a letter, if she has time. Give my respects to all the folks, the Jamesons and Mrs. P—— in particular. Write just as soon as you can on the reception of this.

Yours, as ever,

MARTIN.

The foregoing letter was probably the last before the closing of his college course. The illness referred to in this letter is the real beginning, so far as can be learned, of a weakened condition which lasted, intermittently, for several years. Indeed, the weakness of the stomach to which he first refers at this time, became chronic, and resulted ultimately in death. His later correspondence with his wife contains frequent mention of digestive derangement which evidently occasioned her much anxiety and himself some alarm.

A very important episode occurred at Waterville, during the four years included in Dr. Anderson's college course, a knowledge of which throws a strong light on the "staying" qualities of the student, and illustrates the loyalty of his spirit, so honorably exhibited later in Rochester.

The college at Waterville became practically bankrupt. The president, Dr. Pattison, of whose heroic struggles and unselfish action it would be impossible to say too much, resigned, believing that some other head and hand could do better for the

college in this crisis than himself. At one time it "was virtually decided" to close the doors for want of money. At that decision "Anderson asked for dismission to a sister college, but only because no other alternative remained to him. No sooner was the decision to suspend revoked than he gave up all thought of leaving. In his own phrase, 'so long as a spar should be left standing, he was resolved to remain by the imperilled craft.' It would be difficult indeed to estimate the value of such loyalty at such a time."

There is no characteristic which awakens more enthusiastic admiration than loving loyalty to that which needs but cannot command support. A selfish ambition would have led Dr. Anderson to a more prosperous institution. Although Colby has been able to forget in later prosperity her early reverses, she cannot afford to forget her debt to those who stood by her when her very life was in jeopardy.

IV

WATERVILLE—AS A TEACHER

Only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been writtten. . . Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand. . . . Give to History, give to Political Economy, that ample verge the times demand, but with no detriment to those liberal Arts which have formed open-minded men and good citizens in the past, nor have lost the skill to form them.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

IV

NEWTON, AND WATERVILLE—AS A TEACHER

AS was said in the last letter, it was now young Anderson's wish to go to the Theological Seminary at Newton, Massachusetts, for a year of study in preparation for the work of the Christian ministry. Obstacles, such as can be easily imagined, stood in the way. He refers, however, in letters to his parents, to the remarkable manner in which all serious difficulties were removed.

He entered Newton in the autumn of 1840, and remained one year. While there one of his associates was Ezekiel Gilman Robinson, later the brilliant and profound teacher and theologian, whose recent death removes one of the rarest minds that have ever adorned the Christian pulpit or the religious class-room. There a lifelong friendship began between the two students, and could the veil of the future have been rolled back, they might have seen themselves co-workers in a new institution soon to be established in "the West," as the site of Rochester was then called.

Dr. Anderson's letters from Newton are general in character and meagre, so far as regards details of his work, or references to his teachers or fel-

low-students. The president at that time was Rev. Ira Chase, D. D., a pioneer in the cause of theological education. One of his teachers was Prof. Barnas Sears, upon whose resignation of the presidency of Brown University in later years, Dr. Anderson was called to that position. No letters of this year have been attainable except those to his parents, but long letters to him from college friends indicate that he was beginning the correspondence which soon became remarkable in quality and quantity. The number of letters that he wrote in middle and later life was enormous and unusual in kind for a man in his position. Letters to the President of the United States, and to other public men, letters to educators, to ministers, to business men to personal and private friends, to the parents of his pupils, and especially to the pupils themselves, present a mass of correspondence which in both variety and ability would form a large and interesting volume.

The following letters are very similar to those already given, but they are so characteristic and interesting that quotations from them deserve a place here.

NEWTON, November 1, 1840.

DEAR FATHER: Your letter was welcome, I assure you. I was upon the point of writing to see if I could hear anything from you. It is wrong in you to give me so much needless anxiety. If you can't get time to write set Maria at it, or send me

a paper. I want to see a Bath paper once in a while. . . I have been into Boston but once since I have been here, and I hear no more of Bath than if I were in Greenland.

I somewhat expected to come home at election, but I was unable to pay my passage home. Stockbridge wrote to Boston that there were three voters here who were not able to pay their passage home; and answer was returned that the Maine people had been written to on the subject and no answer had been received, and the man who wrote the letter said he would pay one fare out of his own pocket if we would come to Boston, but I had too much State and town pride to come home to vote at the expense of the Boston folks, and so I did not come. It would have been quite a sacrifice and inconvenience to me to come, but if I could have come Friday night I would.

Aside from the great interests pending at the election, I almost dread to hear of the manner in which the canvass will be carried on. It seems that the party in power have determined to keep . . . in power by fair means or foul.

But enough of politics. . . I am very happily situated here . . . and if I had nothing to worry me perhaps I should be too well situated. I suffer much anxiety on your account, but still I hope for the best. . . I want you to write me all about your health and business, also the church and Mr. Nott. I find he stands very high here among the students. One said to me he was, in fact, one of the best preachers among the Baptists in Boston. . .

Yours, etc.,

MARTIN.

NEWTON, November 9, 1840.

DEAR FATHER: I received your letter in due time. I had also received the one you sent previous to the election, on the Tuesday evening after election. As you say Maine has gone right, I am very glad that I stayed here. By our papers to-night it is rendered highly probable that Harrison is elected. There is much interest here in the results of the canvass, as there are about seven or eight as stubborn Whigs as ever you saw. . .

Your son,

MARTIN.

NEWTON, December 11, 1840.

DEAR FATHER: I received your letter in due time. . . My health is as good as ever it was in my life. I have a good appetite and weigh one hundred and eighty pounds—heavier than I have been in six years. . . Tell mother that, notwithstanding her prophecies to the contrary, I have got so I can sing a tune decently well, with some others to lead. We have a singing school in the Institute, which I attend. If there is any good chance, I want you to send Maria to a singing school this winter. If I had gone at her age I might have become a decent singer. I should like now to sing a tune with Uncle Sterrett some of these evenings. I see that the Waterville College subscription has been filled up. Good! Now, if they can get a president, they will do well enough. Dr. Pattison will go to Providence to settle over his old church and society. I suppose John Wayland will go to Waterville. . . You have seen the article on Mrs. Stearns that I furnished for the "Advocate." What do you think

of it? Just let me know. Mr. Nott will do well enough in Bath, if he has as good a reputation as he has here. Dr. Bolles says there is no clergyman in Boston he would rather hear as a pastor. . . Remember me with all kindness to the Jamesons, Uncle Sterrett, Hosea Hildreth, and Mr. Nott.

Yours as ever,

M. B. Anderson.

Newton, Feb. 26, 1841.

Dear Father: . . . I am glad, very glad, to hear that you have a slight prospect of a revival of religion. I think that you will do better not to call in any extraneous aid. I mean, *i. e.*, to have protracted meetings. When Christians have labored exclusively for religious purposes for a few weeks, they very soon come to the conclusion that they ought to labor exclusively for their worldly business for at least as long a time. When this resolution is made the revival spirit is gone at once. The past should teach you a good lesson on this subject. Let the pastor manage the work and labor yourselves under him. Pray much, take away anything wrong, and God will bless you. Don't get any new-fangled or extraneous matters into the church for members to quarrel over. Don't make any unwarrantable exertions to draw in people from other societies, but ever bear in mind that all substantial growth of your society must come through the holy influences and Christian graces of the church. A holy church has a moral power that operates on the minds of men.

I think your opinion about the pastor is correct. I am surprised to hear every few days some new

testimony to the excellence of Mr. Nott's character. . . Dr. Wayland admired Mr. Nott as a preacher. . . Do you hear a word from Freeport? If you do, let me know. I know nothing about Maine, not half so much as if I was in New Orleans or Liverpool. . .

Yours, etc.,

MARTIN.

The following letter is the last from the seminary, but contains no reference to his plans for the succeeding year.

NEWTON, July 20, 1841.

DEAR FATHER: . . . I have been much engaged, first in haying, and secondly in writing an article for the Society of Missionary Inquiry: Subject, "Claims of Missions on Political Men." . . I want to have that French letter from Maria. It would do her great good to write it, and I am out of patience in waiting. . . I expect to preach at Chelsea the first three weeks of the vacation. . . Granger has some thought of leaving the institution, should he find a place that suits him. I want you and Mr. Nott to interest yourselves, if you have an opportunity, in getting him at Topsham. He would be an addition, a great one, to the strength of the Baptist cause in Maine, should you get him there. . . Remember me to Mr. Nott. I am under great obligations to him for his influence over me while at home. He *changed* my *idea* of gospel preaching.

Your son,

M. B. ANDERSON.

In the early autumn of this year he returned to Waterville as a tutor, the branches in which he gave instruction being Latin, Greek, and mathematics. He did not give up the purpose of ultimately being a settled pastor. The want of money with which to continue a course of study, the desire to be near his feeble parents, and, possibly, a certain "Lizzie," were reasons almost imperative for returning to his Alma Mater for a time. This "Lizzie" was not the "Lizzie" of his married life. This young lady died during her engagement to the young tutor. He filled the position just mentioned until the autumn of 1843, when he was appointed to the chair of rhetoric, for which he was well fitted.

In the winter of 1842–3 his health was not good, and he thought of going to a Southern climate for its restoration. He spent the winter vacation in Washington, D. C., supplying the E Street Baptist Church during his stay there. It was at this time that he had occasion to preach in the House of Representatives, and had among his hearers men of national reputation. He made a decided impression as a young man of great promise, and was strongly urged to settle there as a pastor. He makes no allusions, however, in letters which have been preserved, to any impressions which he may have made, such as would add to his reputation, or affect his future position. He writes to his parents in much anxiety, fearing that he has failed

to accomplish any good, and with an almost boyish interest in home occurrences. The following letter from Washington is found among his correspondence.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 25, 1842.

DEAR FATHER: . . . I was glad to hear from you that you were all well. With regard to Maria, I don't know what to say. I want her to study and hear a class, for I think in such circumstances she studies more. If you can't get enough to meet your payments when they become due, I will meet them as far as God gives me the ability, and I will do it cheerfully. Keep strong your confidence in God, and we ought to trust in him that all will be well. This is a strange world, a world of trial. I especially ought to have (it) to correct my waywardness. What will become of me next year God only knows—the future is all uncertainty. I am all the time receiving letters from one and another about preaching, and cautioning me about staying at Waterville. I want you to pray for me to be directed rightly, for no station on earth is desirable if it is not the right one. I don't seem to myself to be doing any good here. Give my sincere and hearty love to Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth. Hosea gave me four dollars once when I was poor and needed it, and I hope I shall not soon forget it. Remember me to Mr. Nott, and to Mrs. Nott in like manner. I should be glad to be remembered in the prayers of the church down there in the vestry. . . Make Maria tell me, circumstantially, all that she heard and saw while she was gone. This will make her remember better, and teach her to ob-

serve closely when she goes from home again. As always, so now, Your son,

MARTIN.

A letter from his friend, George W. Sampson,—later for many years the well-known and honored "Dr. Sampson," of Washington, first pastor, and then President of Columbian University,—written from Washington under date of Feb. 23, 1843, "is written to induce you to come to Washington to settle as a pastor, as the great object of my writing. I should have urged it upon you before I left had I known how deeply interested in you the people, particularly the more intellectual, had become." He lays the matter before Professor Anderson with great urgency, using the sort of argument that is the most difficult to resist—"that Washington needs just such talent as his," etc. In addition to the domestic and personal reasons mentioned above as among those which influenced him to return to Waterville and continue his teaching, instead of assuming the charge of a church at this time, a weakness of the throat, accompanied by an almost entire loss of voice at times, was a nearly insuperable obstacle to his taking upon himself the exactions of a pastorate, unremitting especially in the matter of public speaking. He seems to have had no definite time in mind for entering the ministry, but to have held himself open to the guiding of the providence of God from year to year. In the sum-

mer of 1843 he mentioned in a letter his intention, if Providence should direct, of returning to Newton in the autumn of that year "to stop a year or two, and then to settle somewhere, if God gives me my voice." But in September of that year he was back at Waterville, installed in the chair of rhetoric as a full professor.

With the acceptance of that position his career was really diverted, although he knew it not, from that of the gospel preacher to that of the teacher. He never held a pastorate, nor was he ordained as a minister of the gospel. But although he did not have the preacher's title he did the preacher's work. He preached from the college platform and from the editor's chair, for he was alive with the moral and religious zeal that is the first qualification of the preacher who is born, not made. Whatever his nominal calling he could not evade the instinct that made of him a moral instructor.

In addition to this inborn impulse to elevate and stimulate his fellow-men, Dr. Anderson had strong points as a preacher of the gospel. He was truly Christian in spirit, tremendously earnest in manner, clear in thought, forcible in statement, commanding in form. In style of expression he was often highly rhetorical; but he never sacrificed directness to rhetorical effect. He was too keen a critic not to know that the highest rhetorical effect is produced by strong simplicity. He had a great deal of personal magnetism in the pulpit. "Thou art the

man" fell upon the hearer's heart as the searching truths of the Bible fell upon his ear.

But even with his unusual gifts as a pulpit orator and teacher, it is doubtful whether he would have attained equal eminence and exerted as much influence as a preacher by profession as by occasional discourses. He often said that his religion was practical, a principle, a matter of fact—that there was nothing about him of the mystic, the speculator, the sentimentalist. The pulpit can well do without the religious sentimentalist, but it cannot do without a pervasive and permanent spirituality in those whom it admits to its sacred precincts. And it demands, also, not only a knowledge of human nature, but great power of adaptation to it in personal relations. It demands too, a great variety in the presentation of truth. As a preacher Dr. Anderson lacked range. His power consisted largely in the qualities already mentioned, applied to the emphatic reiteration of the more familiar principles and precepts which underlie and control moral and religious practice. These he illustrated out of the varied stores of his learning, and drove home with a force derived from his own strong nature, his gift of intuitive insight, and his experience and observation.

Nor was he a profound biblical scholar. He held no opinions blindly, and was a Christian and a Baptist from deep conviction, but he owed his intellectual knowledge of scriptural truth to the strong ortho-

dox teaching with which his youth was surrounded, rather than to independent investigation. He was impregnated by birth with the cardinal doctrines of conservative New England religious thought; and the fire of belief, so early lighted, seems never to have been dimmed by doubt. His studies rather confirmed his faith.

The New England pulpit of his time, although he was himself its product and its warm supporter, was not well adapted to put him at his best. At that time theology was its forte and foible alike. The preacher of that day did not quite reverse the passage "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine," but he came near doing so. Doctrinal theology was his own meat and drink, and it was the food on which he nourished his flock. Dr. Anderson was not a theologian. It may be doubted whether he had a carefully formulated system of theology, such as was exacted of a pastor in that day and place, even though it might be but imperfectly understood by those most tenacious of its tenets. Not that he was ignorant of the formal statements of systematized biblical truth. Far from it. He had studied in the school of the prophets, and his natural disposition would require of him a thorough knowledge of the reasons for the faith that was in him. He held Christian doctrine with a firm grip. But a theologian, in the technical sense of the word, he had neither the taste nor the temperament to become.

At that time too, the sacred office was hedged about by conventional barriers which might have proved a rather awkward source of restraint to him. The preacher of that time looked after souls almost exclusively through the channels of sermon and of prayer. His work was, in a sense, impersonal, and he "dwelt apart." If his soul was not always "a star," his walk and conversation were expected, and believed, to be chiefly in heaven. Dr. Anderson was not adapted to conventional methods of helping his fellow-men. Had he entered the ministry, he would have been to some extent an innovator. Although he was conservative by nature and by training, his practical instincts would have driven him into lines of work, common enough to-day, but almost unthought of in his young manhood. And for innovations he was not well adapted either. There was a strain of old-fashioned orthodoxy in his blood which would have been forever at war with new views, even of methods, in matters pertaining to religion.

As a teacher, he was better adapted to the department of rhetoric, with its outlying fields of philological research, in the department of English especially, than to that of the classics. He was not a natural linguist, and never became, in the strict interpretation of the words, a classical scholar. It was not only that there was nothing of the "scholasticus" about him, that he could not have put himself into sympathy with the dead grammarian, who

While he could stammer
Settled *Hoti's* business,—let it be,—
Properly based *Oun*,
Gave us the docrine of the enclitic *Dé*,
Dead from the waist down ;

for the genuine classicist is as far removed from pedantry as from ignorance. To emphasize the forms of language to the exclusion of its broader elements is the peculiarity of the pedant ; but there is a chord in the breast of the true lover of language that thrills to soft murmurs regarding "cases" and "accents," and language has a life independent of its uses. There is such a thing as a noble ardor in its pursuit, for its own sake.

So abstract an enthusiasm was not natural to Dr. Anderson. To establish a point, to accomplish a practical end, he was unweariedly industrious and painstaking in investigation. He appreciated too, the results of minute learning in departments of study whose practical bearing was not immediately in evidence. Nor was he inaccurate or loose in any of his work. On the other hand, he was intolerant of these qualities in himself and in all others. When the variety of his studies and the quality and quantity of his results in each is justly weighed, he will be found to have earned the praise that belongs to the thorough investigator. But accuracy has its degrees, and the superlative of "accurate" is "exact." Exactness, a spirit which may elude the metaphysician, the social economist, even the art-

ist of the modern school, but which is the breath of life to the classical scholar if his work has value or weight, was not the pervading spirit of his studies.

Nor was the study of language for the sake of literature a sufficient reason for its pursuit, although he valued highly an acquaintance with a number of languages because of the importance of reading originals. He was very much hampered in his own work by his imperfect knowledge of modern languages, and would often consult some better scholar than himself, saying, "I can get the drift, but what I want is the shade of meaning."

To him language was in fact a tool, to be mastered as well as might be for the sake, primarily, of its ethnological and historical uses. In the address already mentioned, delivered before the Convention of College Presidents of the State of New York, he says:

We should require (in a college course) knowledge enough of different tongues to enable the pupil to get an idea of the laws and processes common to all languages, to give him a basis for understanding the principles of comparative philology—a science which is now one of the broadest that can come before the mind of a learner, for it bears on everything connected with the mental and moral development of man. He should have knowledge enough of expression in different forms of language to understand and apply its laws in studying the

development of the human mind. . . We must study the languages of the old world in order to learn history. To learn history we must trace the thought of nations in the words which they used to embody it. Take the word "idea," for instance. I defy any man to teach the history of psychology without tracing that word in all its modifications from Plato to Locke. Around this word gather the analyses of human thinking attempted by the great philosophers of all time.

This brief quotation indicates and illustrates the nature and the value of his linguistic work.

His views were broad, and his industry unlimited. His general reading at this time was bounded only by the time which he could command for it. History became a favorite branch of study, and he performed the valuable service to the college of introducing it as a specialty into the college course. He himself prepared and delivered, in addition to his other duties, a course of lectures on historical subjects. In this step he was in advance of the traditions and customs of the college, and he was thought to be too much out of line with the established order of a correct course of study. He became a little unpopular on account of this innovation. To this work in the department of history, however, he always looked back with satisfaction, and with a just pride in having been among the first to recognize the importance of this basic branch of study, and to assign to it its proper place

in a systematic plan of general education. As will be seen, history and the historical method were increasingly favorite topics with him of investigation and instruction.

His life at Waterville, although laborious and hampered by pecuniary anxieties, had its lighter aspects. The following letter to his former college associates and friends, Samuel L. Caldwell and Oakman S. Stearns, gives a glimpse of the boy that was always buried only skin-deep under that massive brow.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, February 25, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: God bless you both! Your letter did me *good!* It warmed my heart to the very core. I do love old friends. You may say that I talk like a school-girl, but I hope that I shall be a boy in my feelings as long as I live. I sometimes wish that I could see you in my room, and have with you a real pow-wow, halloo, and laugh, and scuffle, and roll on the bed, and quote poetry by the hour, just as we used to do. Caldwell, do you remember the old Anthology? And, Stearns, do you remember how you used to kick me with your heels? But ah, "those pleasant hours have passed away," as Tom Moore says, but not their influence. I don't know but they are as real to me now as they were then, for I am something of an idealist. But those hours of glee and anticipation have passed, and left us to struggle with the stern realities of life. Well, so be it. We must try and struggle here, or we shall be children in the world to come.

These hours of hard thinking make a man old in body, but manly and vigorous in soul. Were this world our only theatre of action, what a waste of power there would be. I expect Stearns will become a great Hebrew, Caldwell a sort of "angelic doctor," if I may judge from his part of the letter. About Berkely I have a word to say to that same Caldwell. You should not have supposed that because I recommended Berkely I endorsed everything that he said. He is an original thinker, that is the reason I like him. He is among the two or three *thinkers* on metaphysics in the English language. His mistakes will teach you more than the correct statements of other men. If you do not have a high opinion of him, read him till you do. Above all, don't read his commentators. I question very much whether they have fully understood him. You will do well to read a little of Malbranche's *"Recherche sur La Verité."* He, Malbranche, follows in the main the views of his master, Descartes. Berkely simplifies and carries out some of the same fundamental doctrines.

The above letter is without signature, and was, probably, never sent.

The following letter, of a little earlier date than the foregoing, tells the story of his attachment to the young lady already mentioned.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, Nov. 6, 1843.

MY DEAR FATHER: I should have been glad to hear that you were better, but I was glad to hear that you were no worse. I often think of you at home, especially during this rainy, cold weather. I

feel for you, sympathize with you, and am willing to do all for you that I can. . . I have made myself responsible for the eighteen dollars which you mentioned. I will see that proper receipts are given and kept for you. I have enclosed a draft on Suffolk Bank for eighty-two dollars, which with the eighteen dollars you already have, will make up one hundred dollars. I wish you to acknowledge the receipt of it as soon as possible. I am glad to hear that Maria is doing well. She must study well. . . My throat is, on the whole, I think improving; still, these long rain storms are very bad for it. Lizzie's health is, she thinks, better on the whole than it was a year ago. I was glad to have you inquire about her. I know you will all love her when you come to know her. She . . . is kind-hearted and affectionate, prudent, has no romantic or extravagant notions of life, has a fund of plain good sense, and she is unostentatiously pious. From what I have seen of her habits, I think I may live more economically with her than with many whose circumstances were poor. I have not deceived her as to my prospects and condition, and I hope she will be prepared to meet them. I have had much to trouble me this term, as you must know, but her kindness and affection have been a solace to me greater than words can express. She wishes me to send her love to you all. . . Matters go on with tolerable smoothness in college now. We have as yet no pastor. If you can't keep Mr. Nott, the people here want him very much. . . Give my love to him, and to all who inquire. God bless you all. Your son,

MARTIN.

In May of the next year, 1844, his father writes of Elizabeth's severe illness, and in one letter says: "Give our warmest regards to Elizabeth, if she is still living." Sometime during that year she died. The only reference to her death found in the correspondence is contained in a letter to Prof. Anderson from his friend, E. L. Magoon. In this letter Dr. Magoon refers to the "item of personal affliction" mentioned by Prof. Anderson, and by further allusions it becomes clear that this affliction is the death of his promised wife.

During these years he was not obliged to remain where he was for lack of opportunities to go elsewhere. A letter dated July 28, 1845, from his former friend and president, Dr. Robert E. Pattison, who was at that time a professor in the Western Baptist Theological Institute, at Covington, Ky., intimates to Prof. Anderson that he is to be called to the chair of biblical criticism in that institution, the position to include instruction in both Hebrew and Greek. Dr. Pattison considers his "peculiar talents to be just the ones adapted for this position." He also says, "the Board has felt it to be almost a necessity that the new instructor should be a Southern man, but I told that body that you were a *virtual Kentuckian*, and that it was only by an accident that you were born in Maine."

A letter from Boston about this time asserts that Prof. Anderson is just the man to succeed a re-

tiring pastor in that city, and at this time he writes to his father of having been invited to "candidate" in the city of New York, an invitation which he promptly declined. Numerous requests to deliver lectures and to act on important "committees," to preach, and in various ways to serve his State and his denomination, indicate his growing reputation and the versatility of his talents. In the meantime, he prosecuted his studies with unflagging zest. A letter from the American philologist, Joseph E. Worcester, dated "Cambridge, June 14, 1844," refers to a letter from him, to which he had "intended to give earlier attention." He says: "You ask what dictionary contains my maturest studies on the subject of pronunciation, and also request me to designate a few of the best English and American books that would be valuable for you to consult in giving instruction in verbal criticism of the English language." While teaching in college, Dr. Anderson gave a great deal of attention to researches in the department of English philology.

In November, 1845, the family removed from Bath to Waterville, and there, three years later, Mrs. Anderson died. About two years after the change of the family home, Prof. Anderson went to New York and preached in the Tabernacle Baptist Church. His visit proved a very important one to himself and to one other. It was at this time that he met the young lady with whom about a year later

he entered into what may be truly described as a real and a most beautifully ideal union. The full significance of that meeting was revealed slowly, for only time can tell the whole story of a meeting, a wooing, and a wedding. The supplementing of one nature by another was perhaps never more satisfactorily achieved than in this marriage.

So in our dreams some glimpse appears,
  Though soon it fades again,
How other lands and times and spheres
  Might make us other men ;
How half our being lies in trance,
  Nor joy nor sorrow brings,
Unless the hand of circumstance,
  Shall touch the latent strings.

V

ELIZABETH GILBERT ANDERSON

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice transfigured.

. . .

She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—

. . .

What were seen? None knows; none ever shall know.
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

—*Robert Browning.*

V

ELIZABETH GILBERT ANDERSON

NO Life of Dr. Anderson would be complete without a consideration of her who entered subtly and wholly into the being of him by whose side she walked as wife.

Elizabeth Mary Gilbert was born in New York city, August 12, 1818. Her parents were natives of England, and their opinions and habits had received an English stamp. Her mother's name was Alice Broughton, and her father was Deacon Joshua Gilbert, a man of strong character, sterling worth, and large means. They were Baptists by training and by conviction. As has been suggested in an admirable sketch of Mrs. Anderson by Mrs. Emil Kuichling, the phrase, "an English Baptist," may mean a great deal. To be a Baptist in England, three-quarters of a century ago, stood for convictions, and the courage of them. There was no lack of them in Deacon Gilbert's home in New York. This home was permeated by an atmosphere religious, intelligent, and refined.

There were but three children: a son Joseph, still living and residing in Brooklyn, N. Y.; a daughter Ann, who married a gentleman named

Gilbert, but in no way related to the family of his wife, and Elizabeth, much younger than her sister, the subject of this chapter. This younger daughter was educated in the best of the city schools, and if, in acccordance with the fashion of the day, she studied music more than mathematics, there was no lack of sound thinking and discussion around her at home, which awakened her interest in subjects of importance. She was trained with a scrupulous care, the recital of which would sound, to the majority of the young persons of to-day, like a tale projected out of a distorted imagination. Stockton had not then enlightened children "On the Training of Parents," and painfully scriptural notions prevailed on the subject, in the Gilbert family at least. Her English mother and an aunt, who afterward became a second mother, were the careful guardians of her domestic and social life. She used to tell, with a tender smile, of the grave reproof she received when, on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, she so far either mistook or disregarded the proprieties as to substitute "mitts" for gloves; and another, when the inevitable apron of the old-time little girl was not of the required length and style. From this minute personal training resulted the exquisite perfection of dress and general appearance that marked her throughout life. Her soul was no less watchfully guarded. She was the regular companion of her father at the Sabbath and weekly services of the church, and

the early habit and love of church-going were never relaxed.

Her face was not beautiful, even in her girlhood, with regularity of feature, or with brilliancy of color. But the outline of each feature and of the whole was of remarkable delicacy; her expression was winning, and every look and movement marked her as the embodiment of refinement. She had a natural dignity and grace of manner to which her rather formal training added that finest charm, best described as an "air of high-breeding." She had in mature years a stateliness of bearing that was redeemed from stiffness by the willowy flexibleness of her form. Ease and self-possession are, now-a-days, held to be somewhat at variance with formality, but they are to some extent essential to elegance of manner. Mrs. Anderson radiated a subtle atmosphere of true gentility. An old friend once said of her, "I should know her to be a lady born and bred if I had only sat behind her once in church." Some persons, before they had become accustomed to her fine reserve, thought her cold. Nothing was farther from the truth. She had a most susceptible temperament, a nature literally at the mercy, for the time, of the tears or smiles of those around her, although she might keep her own feelings in abeyance. She was extremely artistic. Sound, color, and form found her responsive to their best effects. Her taste in the adornment of her home was sometimes criticised as severe, but it was

eminently chaste. Her recognition of a work of genuine art was so sure and so quick, that many gifts of rare articles adorned her cabinets. In this she and her husband were in perfect accord.

She was in the freshness of her youth and charms when that "young man from Maine" met her at her father's house in New York. The young man, Prof. Martin B. Anderson, had come down from Waterville, where he was a teacher, on business connected with his profession. He preached in the Baptist church which the Gilbert family attended, and was invited to their home. The family was socially prominent and was connected with other families of equal standing. Mr. Gilbert's sister was the wife of William Colgate, whose gifts in former years, and now continued by his sons, have done much to build up and maintain Madison University, recently re-named in honor of the family of its benefactors, Colgate University

It was the most natural thing in the world that the rising young Baptist teacher and preacher should be entertained at the house of this prominent Baptist layman. It is difficult to say whether such "accidental meetings" seem more wonderful or natural to youthful lovers. He came, they saw, and he ultimately conquered. Never did extremes more truly seem to meet than when that tall, rugged offshoot of a Maine ship-yard met the dainty, polished product of as conventional a circle as was to be found in this country.

But there was something in each that suited the other. It is not often that the elements which really make or mar a marriage are patent to lookers-on, even to those who stand the nearest, and when Prof. Anderson became Miss Gilbert's lover, there was some opposition to his suit. There was another, reared in the same circle, rich, and better adapted, as some thought, to be a congenial husband for this delicate, city-bred girl. When, however, the young lady announced her choice, and with a strength of will scarcely expected to be found in her fragile form, adhered to it as her final one, the parents approved and the engagement took place. The years vindicated her decision. Even she could not have divined how rare a union that was to be which she so resolutely entered upon. Mr. Gilbert died soon after the young people became engaged. Not long after the death of her husband, Mrs. Gilbert's failing health made an early marriage seem desirable. Elizabeth, therefore, yielded to the urgency of her friends, and was married sooner than she had appointed, quietly, at her brother's home in Brooklyn.

Words can scarcely exaggerate the inward loveliness of the woman whom it was Dr. Anderson's blessed destiny to have for, as he often called her, his "better self." Such women as she mold men by very force of gentleness, because their gentleness is the outgrowth and evidence of character. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things

are lovely, whatsoever things are gracious," come to the mind at the mention of her name. She entered into the slightest and the deepest experience of her husband's life, making each her own. But her individuality was so strong that she was not a satellite. She gave as much as she received of influence and support, and by virtue of her courage, her tact, her faith, and her admirable judgment in public as well as private matters, she became her husband's most trusted confidante and adviser. In the whole course of their married life, by correspondence often, when important matters came before him in his absence from her, he conferred minutely with her as to his decisions.

Although the brightness of that evening marriage hour was shadowed by apprehensions of coming loss and change, to Dr. Anderson it must have always seemed, in later years even more than in the freshness of manly affection, the happiest hour of his life. The mother died soon after the marriage took place. The young professor took his bride to Waterville, where began their long, and as it proved, their scarcely even sundered union. The year of this marriage was marked by four bereavements. Deacon Gilbert and his wife and a sister of the former, who had been a beloved member of the Gilbert family, were taken from the circle of Mrs. Anderson's kindred, and Professor Anderson's mother died during the same year. His father and the daughter, Maria, were

keeping house, while the professor had rooms in the dormitory of the college. Mrs. Anderson took a house and united the two little families. The sketch referred to earlier in this chapter says: "She often told in after years how she enjoyed arranging this house, fitting furniture and carpets to new places, and giving, as we know she did, such touches of grace and elegance as a woman of taste may. She often told too, of the quaint characters she met, and of the unlikeness of the people of Maine to those among whom she had lived. But she had many of her own friends visit her, and seldom was the Maine home without a young lady cousin from New York. Thus she at once began to exercise that gracious hospitality for which she was so remarkable to the end of her life."

The life at Waterville was a time of comparative quiet, so far as stirring public activities were concerned, but it was marked, as has been seen, by domestic incidents of the greatest importance. The time of their marriage was August, 1848. The remaining two years of Prof. Anderson's stay there were a good deal broken by the gradual opening before him of his coming work in New York. The elements of storm and stress were always present in his soul, and they were soon to find occasion for unusual agitation. Repose of mind or body was scarcely possible to him. He was especially fortunate that as his sphere of action became more diffi-

cult and more perplexing, he had the constant presence and comradeship of a spirit so finely poised and so serene as was that of his wife. As his position in the denomination rose in importance she proved of inestimable strength to him. Her love for her church was not bigotry, but loyalty. She became by piety and fidelity a denominational power wherever she made her home. Her air of distinction and her culture of mind would have adorned any circle, but her ambitions were limited by the range of her own and her husband's duties. The university received scarcely less of her thought and interest than it did of his. With some of the students she came into personal relationship. She had a sympathy with them that would have aided them far more than her opportunities allowed. They reverenced her and deemed her the embodiment of cultured Christian womanhood. One of the attractions of the presidential mansion at the commencement levees was the gracious manner with which, by the side of her husband, Mrs. Anderson dispensed its hospitality. It was a merciful providence that he did not linger long after she had gone. He could not have borne it. So much had she been to him that her going brought the bitterness of death. It was fitting that united in life as they were, in death they should not be divided.

This inadequate tribute to her cannot be more appropriately closed than by a quotation from a letter written for her by Dr. Anderson, because of her

illness at the time, to a cousin whose wife had just died.

This cousin, Mr. Edward Gilbert, now of Newton, Kansas, and his wife and children had been and were always very intimately associated with Mrs. Anderson. The terms in which Dr. Anderson refers to the friend taken away describe the feelings of all who knew Mrs. Anderson, and speak with peculiar force coming from his own pen.

After some preliminary explanations and words of personal reference, he says: "All who knew the departed as we did were impressed most deeply by her rare qualities of intellect and her marvelous capacity for sympathy with all that was pure and elevated in thought and emotion. She at once attracted a casual acquaintance by the simple elegance of her manner, and the intelligence, vivacity, and culture which were manifested in her conversation. Those qualities were pervaded and harmonized by the glow and warmth of a sincere Christian faith." He speaks of her as having "illustrated and exemplified the noblest elements of life and character possible to womanhood," and refers to "the legacy of elevating and controlling memories which death itself cannot take away. Those memories will become constituent elements in your moral life. The lessons of her active life are closed, but their memory will grow brighter and their control over us more sacred and authoritative as time wears away."

No one who entered into the "House Beautiful" of Mrs. Anderson's character with appreciation, who shared her high ideals and learned the solution of some of life's most puzzling problems from her wise and tender words will fail to echo these words and will apply them to herself. Few women have inspired deeper affection, and

Chance cannot change that love, nor time impair.

VI

AS EDITOR

Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak;
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

VI

AS EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK RECORDER
1850–1853

"THE New York Recorder," a Baptist weekly newspaper, published in the city of New York, was looking in 1848-9 for an editor and owner. Dr. Sewall S. Cutting was to leave the position, and it was not easy to find a man to succeed him. His cultivated mind and genial spirit had put their impress upon the paper. The post to be vacated was an important one. Propositions were made to Prof. Anderson to take the paper in charge, and he, in connection with Rev. James S. Dickerson, D. D., became its editor and proprietor. Dr. Dickerson was related to Mrs. Anderson. He was a man of rare purity and force of character, and "possessed unusual business tact and sagacity." He was several years younger than the professor, and the enterprise looked somewhat dubious, considering the youth of the two proprietors and their entire inexperience in the management of a newspaper. Dr. Dickerson was more especially the financier of the firm, and in this position, as in every other that he held, he exhibited unwearied industry and admirable judgment, in addition to literary gifts already recognized, of a high order.

The strength of the new editor's hand was felt at once. A glance over the early numbers of the "Recorder" shows "leaders" whose force and finish were not surpassed in any published newspaper. Their range is vast. They give prominence to the topics that were then commanding the especial attention of the denomination which the paper represented, but they are by no means limited to these.

The three subjects prominently before the minds of the Baptist denomination were "Revision," "Removal," and "Foreign Missions." A sketch of what is implied in the first two of these is given a little later, and of Dr. Anderson's position with reference to them. With the work of foreign missions, which did not then, as now, enlist the united energies of the church, he was in hearty accord, and was a powerful advocate of its claims in his columns. A short quotation will illustrate his style and spirit in discussing the subject. It must be remembered that opinions and expressions of this kind, were not then the universal sentiment of the church. They represent the independence, as well as the zeal of the writer.

A WORD ABOUT MISSIONS.

The work of missions is founded upon the Saviour's unrepealed and dying command. The fitness and propriety of this command rest upon the Scripture doctrine of the unity of the human species. In this is involved the universal and essen-

tial brotherhood of man, and out of the relation arises the duty enjoined by Christ upon his followers. If there is aught in Christian hope, in Christian morality, in Christian civilization that is cheering, or pure, or conducive to material or spiritual well-being, we are bound by all the obligations of natural and revealed law to engage heart and soul in the work of Christian missions. . . However we may differ in the "accidents" of our condition, —in language, in color, physical condition, or intellectual training,—there is one thing in which we can all agree, and in which we all sympathize; this is, in the deep and ineradicable consciousness of having sinned against God. The hope of averting the consequences of sin by personal deeds or personal sufferings is the ground thought of every system of heathen religion. In the impulses arising from the depths of this consciousness we find the origin of priest and sacrifice, temple and ritual, throughout the world. The cry of the old patriarch of Uz, which comes to us wafted across thirty or forty centuries of time, "I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men?" has found an echo or counterpart in every human breast. . . In the hope of stilling this cry of the heart, the fires of Moloch were kindled. For this the Roman buried his victims, while still alive, within the walls of the Forum. For this the Celt burned his colossal figure of osier twigs filled with living men. For this the Hindoo bends his body beneath his idol's car. . . All that is fearful in superstition, all that is degrading in the rites of false religion, have their origin in the attempt to meet the deep consciousness of ill-desert for sin against

God. Christian reader, remember the test of the final judgment: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The following is an extract from a long and impressive article on

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

It is not to be denied that there are many persons in our churches, who have lost, to some degree, their confidence in the good effects of revivals of religion. These suspicions have not been openly stated, but still they have affected the minds of those who entertained them. The enemies of religion have brought into notice all the evils which, necessarily or otherwise, have connected themselves with revivals. The keenest weapons of ridicule have been made to bear against them. "Philosophy," falsely so called, both spiritual and material, has been called upon to sap the foundations of our faith in the great doctrine of regeneration by the Holy Spirit on the individual mind. Revivals are the abomination of the infidel and the formalist alike, for their systems wither and die under their influence. We have sometimes thought that Christians themselves have unwittingly given force to these skeptical objections, by representing that the operation of God's Spirit in a revival of religion is different from all ordinary workings, that in them it operates without law and even contrary to law, both of the Divine economy and of the human mind.

A careful attention to this subject will show that what are called revivals of religion are not open to the philosophical objections of infidels, and that there is no necessity for Christians to view them as

isolated, unrelated facts which take place by virtue of a suspension of all the ordinary movements of the Divine government. Instead of being the exception to the general rule they form the ordinary methods of the Spirit's action. They may appear under various aspects and under various modifying circumstances, but the main facts are always the same.

From the day of Pentecost until now there have been special seasons when religious truth seemed to be clothed with unusual and extraordinary power over the hearts of men; when all the obstacles arising from the depravity of the human heart have seemed to be overcome at once by instrumentalities which have before been utterly powerless, and the simplest exhibitions of gospel truth have become as the fire and the hammer to the rock. . .

Every scholar knows that his progress in the acquisition of mental power or range of knowledge is anything but uniform. He is a slave to the body, to the variations of external nature, and to those numerous circumstances that he can explain only by referring them directly to the providence of God. He cannot always command his powers; the conditions under which they act pass from his control; the eloquent tongue stammers, the power of thought fails, his conceptions become vague and indistinct, and he learns his dependence upon God for the use of the faculties with which he has been endowed. Often some influence of which he has no knowledge brings his soul into the freest and intensest action.

—The shadows lift
From the waked spirit airily and swift.

An unwonted vigor is imparted to his mind; this acts upon the body, and the body in turn reacts upon the spirit, till he feels conscious of a power that could almost remove mountains. He moves about amid the heretofore barren facts of science and of life with a lightness of step and a clearness of vision that amazes him. He occupies higher ground of observation; after toil and labor he has arrived at a new point of view; he takes larger fields of vision than ever before, and the magnificence and newness of the objects within this grand horizon frequently cause the whole soul to tremble at the vastness of its range of vision. . .

Thousands of facts in the history of science and literature and art could be given to confirm these statements. They are the necessary results of the connection of the mind with the body. It is by impulses, by leaps so to speak, that the mind makes progress in power, in conception, in largeness of view. The truth is that the mind is, in its severest exercise, too strong for the physical system. The body cannot endure for any length of time the intensest possible action of the informing spirit. The greatest efforts of the orator are the result of an expenditure of nervous force that no frame can endure for any length of time; yet these extraordinary efforts give an increase of power, an intellectual impulse, that will last through eternity.

Now when an individual Christian, or a church, is led to bring the great and startling facts of our religion before the mind and look at them with steady seriousness, the result is that they increase in religious knowledge and in power of religious emotion. . . The distinguishing doctrines of the

gospel become more dear; the way of salvation more plain; their love to Christ and his church more ardent; in fact they have accomplished a new stage of the toilsome journey to Mount Zion. It may be an infirmity of our nature that this state of exhilaration and clearness of view does not always continue, but similar facts are seen in all kinds of mental activity. The body must flag with weariness when the spirit breathes the difficult air of these mountain-tops of heavenly truth; the eye of sense must become dim, when it drinks in too long the full blaze of the Sun of Righteousness.

This unusual sense of divine things is often felt by a church when it is impossible to attribute it to any known antecedent. An unseen and silent power passes among them. It wakes up the dying emotions of the soul; it impresses truth upon the heart; it gives a strange and unusual power to the ministry of the word. Truths, hitherto barren and lifeless, seize upon the mind. Thought begets emotion. . . Eternal things become realities. They take a living form and substance before the eyes. . . The sovereignty of grace and the freedom of the human will meet and are, as a matter of fact, reconciled to each other. To him who has had a deep experience of the religious life, who realizes the lost condition of man without the gospel, such a revival of religion is the richest purchase of Christ's death. It is a pledge for the fulfillment of the rapt visions of the prophets; it is the answering of the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come"; it is a foretaste of the joys that eye hath not seen—that ear hath not heard; it is a goblet from the river of the water of life; it is a prelude to the

ravishing harmonies of the new song of the redeemed.

Not only on religious and denominational subjects does he employ his eloquent and vigorous pen. No current topic of importance eluded or was evaded by him. Thackeray was in this country giving lectures on the works of the early English novelists. The "Recorder" severely, but courteously, arraigned him, or more exactly, the publications which advertised and approved his selection of subjects, as extending an influence which is, "in its totality, evil and only evil." He says:

It is proper here to state that we make these remarks in no feeling of hostility to Mr. Thackeray. We have read with interest a large proportion of his works, and have found much that we can sympathize with both in style and thought. We like his manly hatred of shams and hypocrisy. We like his exposures of the fashionable villainy of English high life. We like his idiomatic, manly, and straightforward English; to hear it is a relief after the antithetical conceits and galvanized brilliancy of the fashionable favorites of the lecture-room. Our object is not to criticize Mr. Thackeray or his works. . . Our business is with the writings to which his lectures have given a new and unprecedented circulation. . . We believe unhesitatingly that the result of such study would be, in its totality, evil and only evil. It is a matter of fact that the lectures of Mr. Thackeray have increased the demand for these works to an indefinite extent.

We hesitate not to say that this is a cause of regret to all good men. And although they were delivered in a church, and have, in their subjects and detail, met the approbation of parish clergymen, and religious and literary editors, we feel compelled to speak as we have, and we reaffirm all and singular of the views we have heretofore expressed on this subject.

Dr. Anderson is equally elevated in tone and fearless in spirit whatever secular topic he discusses. The strongest and ablest of the daily metropolitan newspapers are treated with no more deference than the weakest and most obscure, if they arouse his strictures. A few of the more important topics of a general nature which he considers are, "Mr. Dickens and the Sunday Mails," in which he shows Mr. Dickens' inconsistent position on that subject; "Qualifications of a Professor of History," "Circumstantial Evidence," suggested by the trial of Professor Webster for the murder of his friend Dr. Parkman; and "Consociationism in Connecticut," a stirring review of the trial of Dr. Horace Bushnell for heresy and its underlying principles.

There are articles on purely literary topics that reveal a thorough and discriminating literary taste, surprising, considering the writer's limited opportunities for literary culture outside of his own reading.

An extract from a review of Sir Egerton Brydges' edition of Milton illustrates the style of his literary

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criticism. After giving a running account of the various annotated editions of Milton, and indicating the special value of each and the corresponding defects, he says :

. . . It is indeed very difficult for a thorough-going English churchman to understand the position of Milton, as an Independent in religion and a republican in politics. The vehement scorn with which he viewed the Church and the Court ; the intolerant pride with which he demolished the pretensions which they set up of absolute authority over the body and conscience, excite in their mind a repulsion that nothing but the most transcendent genius could overcome. The truth about the character of Milton lies between two extremes. He had his share of what are called the infirmities of genius. . . But whatever may have been his errors of head or heart, we may without hesitation believe him to have been imbued with the noblest and purest elements of our faith. His contempt of religious formalism ; his exalted conceptions of the Divine nature ; his austere morality ; his profound and reverent study of the Bible ; his heartfelt recognition of the influence of the Holy Spirit, all lead us to believe that he had in reality drunk in his loftiest inspiration from "Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracles of God." The vast stores of his learning were fused in his mind, and gave a distinct character to the wondrous composite of his poetry. He studied with all the zeal and reverence of a kindred spirit the poetry and art of the Greeks, and with a deeper reverence and sympathy that of the Hebrews. These two elements formed the basis of

his culture. The sensuous beauty and faultless symmetry of the Greek literature, and the awe-inspiring sublimity that swells "in seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" through the pages of the Hebrew poets, were harmonized and united by the genius of Milton. Hence he retains the severe taste and statuesque beauty of form that charms in the Greek tragedy, while he approaches in sublimity and breadth of outline the prophecies of Isaiah, and in human sympathy and tenderness the Psalms of the sweet singer of Israel. The literature of Italy and the romances of the Middle Ages in which he was deeply read, had an influence on his mind; but they did not affect it powerfully, or essentially modify his genius. . . While his genius has been universally acknowledged, he has never been a popular poet. He is more praised than studied. He sits in the Pantheon of poets like the Jupiter of Phidias among the lesser divinities. The sublimity and strength of his conceptions give to his greatest work an apparently hard and rugged outline. . . Capable as he has shown himself to be in his choruses and the Allegro and Penseroso of the sweetest and most ravishing melody of verse, his natural rhythm was the organ tone that sends its thrill along the buttressed walls of the lofty temple till the topmost spire quivers with its mighty vibrations.

Historical and educational subjects receive a large share of attention. From a striking article on "Theological Education," the following extracts are made:

In the midst of all the energy that has been put forth in behalf of a general education for the rising ministry, there seems to be a lack of zeal for that portion of their education which is strictly professional in character. Of the necessity of a general acquaintance with the principles of science and literature there seems to be no doubt. But there are many who give a reluctant and grudging support to strictly theological education. . . Never since the days of Origen has this demand been greater than at the present time. The great work of carrying the gospel to the heathen has been undertaken with a vigor unequalled since the times of the apostles. Thousands of languages are waiting to bear in their accents the message of mercy to the lost. A thousand Judsons are needed at this very hour to enter upon the work of translation. These men must not be novices. They should be men upon whose minds have been concentrated the results of all the biblical learning that has been accumulated from the time of Erasmus and Reuchlin to the present. . . Where are such men to be trained but in our theological schools? Who are prepared to assume the arduous task of being leaders to such men, except those honored names whose laborious days and nights have been given to concentrated labor upon those languages that contain the original records of our faith? It is quite easy to talk flippantly about the dried-up gerund grinder, who denies himself the pleasures of social life and the free air of heaven that he may delve among Hebrew roots and Greek particles. . . This delving brings up ingots more precious than any that roll down the river-beds of the El Dorado of

the West. . . It assures us that we are not giving heed to some monkish legend or idle tale of the rabbins when we follow the rapt visions of Isaiah, or thrill with pious feeling at the strains of David; read the awful story of Calvary, or listen to the love-inspired eloquence of Paul.

It is difficult to avoid crowding the pages of this book with editorials from the columns of the "Recorder." The writer's style is so vivid that the events of a half-century ago are as real as occurrences recorded in "The Examiner," the successor of the "Recorder," of a week ago. The paper took high rank at once, and commanded the respect of the religious and secular press, and of the reading public of all denominations. In 1853, Rev. Edward Bright, D. D., became its editor and proprietor, and under its name of "The Examiner," it still holds a leading place among religious weekly newspapers, although death has eliminated the controlling mind of Dr. Bright.

With Dr. Anderson's career clearly in view, the reader of the "New York Recorder" while it was under his editorship is doubtful whether the most widely effective, as well as the most brilliant work of his life, was not performed in the columns of that paper. His position there was well adapted to the drawing out of his best powers. Conspicuous and influential, it was exactly the post for so fearless and so right-minded a man as he. He was a voice crying, not in a desert, but where at the pres-

ent time he was much more needed, in a metropolis, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." He was a keen observer and a wise commentator on public matters, in fact a practical statesman, bound by no party, hampered by no conditions, afraid of no constituents, responsible to no "bosses."

The topics which he treats in his articles are not so profound as most of those which he considered in his later isolated papers. They were naturally chiefly current topics. But they indicate and display a weight and depth of thought, an intellectual strength, a moral soundness, a reserve of learning, and a mastery of English diction, that give to editorials on transient topics a permanent value and place them among the classics of literature. If they could be rescued from the oblivion that threatens them in the files of a newspaper, they would still breathe and glow with the deathless life of truth, and the quenchless fire of Christian enthusiasm.

The two questions already referred to, of Bible revision and the removal of the university from Hamilton, were so absorbing at this time and gave to such a degree its character to the paper that a brief account of their leading points is necessary to any record of Dr. Anderson's editorial work and influence. An outline of the facts is as follows: The American and Foreign Bible Society was organized in 1837 by a large number of Baptists who had withdrawn from the American Bible Society.

The occasion of this withdrawal was the refusal on the part of the American Bible Society to appropriate funds for the printing and circulating of the translations of the Scriptures made by the Baptist missionaries in India. This refusal was in part, at least, based on the fact that in these translations the word "baptizo" was translated "immerse," instead of transferred as "baptize." Whatever opinion might be held as to the wisdom of deviating from the Common English version in such translations, in order to express distinctive Baptist views, there could be but one consistent position, as it seemed to many, with regard to the printing and circulating of such translations, when conscientiously made. Hence, followed the division.

In 1850, in May, at the annual meeting of the new society (the American and Foreign Bible Society), the impulse toward re-translation given by the recent discussions of the subject, resulted in a resolution, recommended by a majority of the Board of Managers, "that the Society engage in the revision of the English Scriptures." This proposition did not commend itself to the majority of the Society, and a division of this Society followed. The withdrawing minority formed in June, 1850, the American Bible Union. The constitution of the "Union" defines its object to be "to procure and circulate the most faithful version of the word of God throughout the world." The Union went immediately forward with the work of revision, and

made the first organized attempt since 1611 to apply sound scholarship to a translation of the original text for popular use.

The undertaking was an enormous one, and much was justly to be said against the wisdom of entering upon it at that time. A determined opposition to the movement arose. Greek met Greek, and Hebrew met Hebrew. Dr. Anderson joined and boldly championed the opposition. Through the press he fought hard. It would be unwise to go into the details of the contest, but the literature connected with it, consisting of editorials, communications from the adherents of both sides, letters, and addresses, is intensely interesting, for the best talent of the denomination was divided, and there were able disputants on both sides.

That this would be the case is evident when it is remembered that among the men who identified themselves with the revision movement was, to name but one, the profound biblical scholar and elegant writer, Rev. Thomas J. Conant, D. D., who was alike respected for his exact scholarship and beloved for his noble personality. With such opponents Dr. Anderson had foemen in some respects more than worthy of his steel. He had great admiration for some of the revisers, but with the movement toward revision he had no sympathy, and he unsparingly condemned it. At the opening of the new Bible House in Philadelphia, in 1854, Dr. Anderson made the leading address, in which he took occasion

to review his position and to give his reasons for it. It was an eloquent and impassioned address. It called out from Dr. Conant a letter of defense, in his usual manner of classic, dignified composition.

It was Dr. Anderson's weak point in the controversy that he seemed to underrate the really serious errors of the Common version. Most of the best scholarship of the time was against revision then. Its very importance made thoughtful men hesitate. There was but little real scholarship available for it. It was a work that, on the face of it, demanded the most thorough learning, and the united abilities and efforts of the whole denomination. To oppose it, however, on the ground of unimportance, or even of comparative unimportance, was an unfortunate position for a teacher and a professed classical scholar. He was inconsistent with his own high regard for sacred learning and its results as applied to just this department of scholastic progress. When the later revision was begun, Dr. Anderson entered into it with hearty sympathy.

A second question of importance which helped to fill the columns of the "Recorder," and which had a large share of attention from the Baptist public during the years while Dr. Anderson had charge of the paper, was the removal of the university from Hamilton, N. Y., to Rochester, N. Y. The agitation on the subject of Bible revision was only a phase of a general awakening among Baptists in the direction of higher education. Brown,

Newton, and Madison had lighted their lamps a long time before, but their rays had been limited by an inadequate supply of oil, and had encountered also, even at that late day, an almost Cimmerian darkness. Some, on the one side, opposed the education of the laity; others, the education of the clergy. It is difficult to realize now the extent and the character of the opposition, fifty years ago, to ministerial education. Even then there were those who regarded the call of God to indicate a condition of passive receptivity instead of active effort. Study, in preparation for the work of the preacher, was regarded as a tacit insult to the Holy Spirit. Passages such as "Take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak," were construed into arguments, indeed into commands, against it. These superstitions were limited to the rural districts, but the interest in general education was slight, and the views regarding it were narrow.

A movement was started in 1847 toward the removal of the institution from Hamilton to a more accessible location. The causes of this movement were numerous. No one reason could be assigned as the reason, and scarcely as the chief reason. There had been opposition to the admission of other than theological students, there had been a difference of opinion in the Board as to the election of a professor, and other causes had been working to make some change seem desirable. The State was growing, and was growing westward. The existing

location, beautiful as it was with nature's endowments (which were, indeed, the only liberal endowment of which the college could boast), was difficult of access, and remote from the advantages of libraries, lectures, and of a wide circle of educated men and women. Among themselves the Faculty had choice society, but outside, as in any village, the appreciative circle was small.

There were rare minds among the little group of professors, who with their wives and children, constituted the college society of Hamilton, forty-five years ago. A paragraph from the "Life and Letters of Dr. Raymond," compiled by one of his daughters, the late Mrs. Harlan P. Lloyd, gives a glimpse of the Hamilton days. The quotation is from a letter written by Mrs. Thomas J. Conant, herself one of the rarest of a circle of unusually intellectual women. She says: "How easy and free, how full of genuine heart-warmth, and of intellectual stimulus also, were those little gatherings. More good wit, atrociously successful puns, and sparkling *mots*, were wasted in those bird-cages of parlors, on some of those genial evenings, than would have sufficed to spice a whole London season —comparing the chronicles of my memory with the recorded specimens of Sydney Smith and Douglas Jerrold."

The first plan was to remove the institution bodily. The western part of the State was preferred, and Rochester was selected as a city offer-

ing marked advantages for the object in view. But the plan encountered opposition from the outset. Strong feeling was excited, and "Removal, for or against," shared with "Revision, for or against," the denominational attention. The removal was voted, however, and approved by a majority of the Board of trustees, and by a large convention of New York Baptists, assembled at Albany, in 1849. Legal difficulties arose, and the regents of the State of New York were applied to for a charter for a new institution. This was granted on condition that an endowment fund of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars should be raised within two years.

When the question of removal had been settled in favor of division, the talking had to give place to working. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the labor involved in starting such an enterprise. The men who saw the opportunity, seized it, made their plans, carried them out by raising money and interesting the public in them, were the founders of the University of Rochester. Dr. Anderson had from the first been in favor of the change, and, as will be seen, lent efficient aid through the columns of his paper. Upon Dr. Raymond was laid the burden of doing a large part of the work of soliciting money and bringing the subject before the people. He was the professor of rhetoric at Hamilton, and was a man of marked gifts as a public speaker.

A few quotations from Dr. Raymond's corres-

pondence, in the biography referred to above, will illustrate the work done during the spring and summer of 1850.

HAMILTON, Feb. 2, 1850.

DEAR FATHER: You have probably noticed in the papers that our application to the State Regents was successful. They have granted us their usual sealed instruments, pledging a charter for Rochester University, if one hundred and thirty thousand dollars of good subscription be obtained for endowing it within two years. Thus far the work of raising the subscriptions has not gone on quite vigorously enough to suit us here, and the Faculty begin to talk of my going to spend a few weeks at the West.

ROCHESTER, July 26, 1850.

. . . As the summer wanes, and with it the time for completing our subscriptions this fall grows shorter, our anxiety deepens, and our sense of pressing every moment and at every available point. We have added ten thousand dollars within ten days, and are now in sight of ninety thousand dollars. But I never realized how many a little it takes to make a mickle, nor how large a sum one hundred thousand dollars is. We are straining every nerve to reach that point before commencement at Hamilton, that we may feel warranted in announcing the opening of the university this fall, before the students disperse.

ALBANY, August 30, 1850.

TO MR. JOHN N. WILDER: . . . It was fortunate, on the whole, that I came this way, for things are very far from being well advanced here. Cut-

ting and Lathrop are here from New York, both as clear as a bell on the right side. One important object I had in going on is to see more of Anderson. I had a good deal of conversation with him at Saratoga, and his sympathies are with us. He is constantly getting a clearer notion of the state of things among us, and will come right as a trivet.

A few sentences from Dr. Anderson himself shows his exact attitude toward the new college.

WATERVILLE, Maine, March, 1850.

JOHN N. WILDER, Esq.: You may be aware that I have, in company with another person, purchased the "New York Recorder." Since I returned to Maine, very much to my surprise, I have learned that the report has been spread abroad that Deacon Colgate is the real purchaser of the "Recorder," and that my partner and myself are to be the echoes of his opinions on all subjects, and especially on the university question. . . I have never had an opportunity of investigating the question in all its details, and consequently I do not now, nor have I ever made a full and decided statement of what would be my course of action when I come to take charge of the paper. . . It would be presumptuous in me to judge the whole question before I had learned all the facts by a personal examination, but so far as I know my own mind, all my prejudices are in favor of your place. It would require an overwhelming amount of evidence to lead me with my present views to go against the enterprise at Rochester. .

In September, Dr. Raymond writes from Brooklyn that the "'Recorder' is coming out decidedly in favor of Rochester, though not against Hamilton."

In accordance with the hopes of those who had the success of the new institution at heart, the announcement of its opening in the coming autumn was made at commencement, at Madison University, in the summer of 1850. On the first Monday in November, 1850, the organization was made at Rochester, the Faculty consisting of five professors from Hamilton: Thomas J. Conant, D. D., John S. Maginnis, D. D., John F. Richardson, John H. Raymond, LL. D., Albert H. Mixer, and Asahel C. Kendrick. Mr. E. Peshine Smith was instructor in mathematics. John N. Wilder was elected President of the Board of Trustees, and the Hon. Ira Harris, Chancellor of the Regents, was Chancellor of the College and presided at commencement. Dr. Kendrick acted as executive officer. "The first catalogue reported eight instructors and seventy-one students, and in July, 1851, it graduated its first class of ten."

Under date of November 5, 1850, Dr. Raymond writes:

. . . Well, the thing is done. The University of Rochester is no longer a thing of hope, a possibility, a promise, but a reality, substantial, visible, and alive. We open under cheering auspices, with more students than we had reason to expect. . .

This afternoon we had a very interesting opening service in the chapel. A number of the leading citizens were in. Two of the clergymen, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, took part. *The* speech was made by President Wilder, and a capital speech it was.

In the "Recorder," under date of July 9, 1851, is a full report of the commencement exercises at Rochester that took place in that week.

Dr. Anderson was present, and the quotations are from his own account, under the head of "Editorial Correspondence."

COMMENCEMENT—Wednesday Morning.

Providence favored our friends with a most beautiful day for their first public demonstration. At an early hour the public rooms were thrown open, and large numbers of clergymen, citizens, and invited guests assembled to join the Trustees of the University and Theological School and the Chancellor and Faculty of Instruction, in a procession to the Corinthian Hall, where the public exercises were held. The procession, which passed through Buffalo street and the Arcade to the Hall, was in the following order ·

Scott's Brass Band,
Janitor of the University,
Students of the Grammar School,
Freshman Class,
Sophomore Class,
Junior Class,

Students of the Rochester Theological Seminary,
Teachers of Select and Public Schools,
Officers of the Athæneum,
Board of Education and Officers,
Mayor, Common Council, and Officers,
County and State Officers,
Strangers and Invited Guests,
Founders of the University,
Clergymen and Editors,
Judges of the Supreme and County Courts,
Trustees of the Rochester Theological Seminary,
Graduating Class and Candidates for Degrees,
Faculty of the University,
Board of Trustees of the University,
Chancellor of the University, and President of the Board.
Sheriff of the County.

The Rochester "American" speaks of it as the "largest and finest civic procession" that had ever been seen in the streets of that city. The Oxford cap, surplice, and fine person of the Chancellor, formed a special point of attraction to the thousands who thronged the streets to see the procession pass by.

Taking all the exercises of the day together the impression made upon the friends of the university, and of the community generally, was in the highest degree satisfactory and pleasing. . . In looking over the history of the movement since the time that the subscription for the endowment was commenced, we cannot but see the hand of Divine Providence throughout. We have here a university respectably endowed, with a complete and able Fac-

ulty, a class of ten just graduated, and with more students for the ministry on its list than any other Baptist college in the world.

The report of the treasurer, as we understand, showed that the income from students and interest has been sufficient to meet the outlay for the year, preserving the fund of endowment without encroachment. Should any appropriation be received from the State, it can be devoted to the enlargement of the means of instruction. . . In finishing our account of the exercises, we should do injustice not to express the indebtedness of the friends of the institution to the indefatigable labors of the president and secretary of the Board of Trustees, John N. Wilder and William N. Sage, Esqs., together with the resident members of the Executive Board. Mr. Wilder has devoted almost his whole time and energies for more than three years to the great work of founding this university. His liberal contribution to the endowment has been among the least valuable of the services which he has rendered to the cause.

In mentioning these gentlemen, we would not undervalue the equally zealous labors of our brethren, their coadjutors in thought and action. The friends of various denominations in Rochester, who, with commendable liberality, have given their influence and property to this enterprise, will have their reward in the delightful consciousness of having assisted to confer untold benefits on generations yet unborn. By the necessity of the case, the founders of this institution will be associated with its history in all coming time. Their memories will be cherished so long as good learning and the

Christian's faith shall conspire together for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

. . . The Theological Seminary held its anniversary exercises on Thursday, the 10th, also in Corinthian Hall. Notwithstanding the protracted literary entertainments of the week, and contrary to general expectation, the assembly was hardly inferior in point of numbers to those which had preceded, and came away certainly no less gratified with the performances.

. . . The address to the (graduating) class by Dr. Maginnis, was admirable of its kind. Without any attempt at elaborate composition, it was the simple, earnest utterance of an affectionate teacher's feelings and counsels when bidding a last farewell to his pupils. The appropriateness of his admonitions and the pathos of his manner were felt not only by them, but by all who listened.

But the gem of the occasion, and indeed of the entire week, was Dr. Conant's inaugural. His subject was "The Claims of Sacred Learning," and a more finished, rich, and elegant production it has rarely been our fortune to hear. His object was to enforce and illustrate the value of sound instruction in the languages and literature of the Bible as an element, first, of ministerial, and secondly, of general intellectual education. We will not trust ourselves with any attempt at analyzing the argument, or characterizing the exquisite illustrations of this masterly discourse. Suffice it to say, that it exhibited throughout the fruits of a ripe erudition in one of the highest departments of intellectual research, embodied in a style of classic elegance, and imbued with a spirit of pure and elevated

enthusiasm, worthy alike of the man and his theme. It will doubtless be printed, and will be sought for and read by many who had not the privilege of hearing it. For ourselves, we feel proud that we have such a scholar for such a post, and are glad that he is placed in a position where his talents and acquirements may command the attention and exert the influence they so richly deserve.

The chancellor's levee on Wednesday evening was a very pleasant affair. It was held in the university, all the rooms being thrown open for the occasion. . . As the invitation was general to all the friends of the university, the gathering was immense. . . The visitors were severally introduced to Chancellor Harris, who received them with characteristic urbanity and ease, and then distributed themselves over the edifice, as chance or inclination led. Some light refreshments were furnished in the course of the evening. Among those present we observed Hon. D. S. Dickinson, of the United States Senate, the mayor of the city, Chancellor Whittlesey, and other distinguished gentlemen from the vicinity.

The second year was a very successful one, and the question of a president became important. Other additions to the Faculty were necessary. The death of Dr. Maginnis removed one of the most learned theologians of the denomination. His chair was filled by the election of Rev. E. G. Robinson, D. D., LL. D., who was then pastor of Ninth Street Church in Cincinnati. He accepted the chair of theology, and brought an accession of

strength which told at once upon the theological department. The choice for president fell unanimously upon the editor of the "Recorder." While his decision was pending, he writes to his friend, Dr. Robinson, as follows:

My Dear Robinson: I am in much anxiety about the course I ought to take in reference to Rochester. I am younger in years and as a scholar than any one in the college department of the theological school. I can carry there no reputation either as a preacher or a scholar, beyond that of any ordinary man of my age. Nearly all the men there are ripe scholars and men of character in the State, while I, poor dog, have no roots except these few that have shot out in the last three years. I am distressed at this aspect of the case. The Faculty have said everything that it was proper for them to say, but I know that I shall go, if I go at all, on a sort of probation. There is a great work to be done there. . . God help me.

Yours truly,
M. B. Anderson.

He accepted the position, and was at his post in the autumn of 1853. A quotation from Dr. Raymond will give an idea of the existing conditions, and of the way in which the new president was received. He writes of the commencement of July, 1853, as follows:

Our commencement went off crackingly, the more so from there having been a general impression among our friends that the institution had

been suffering from the absence of Dr. Kendrick, the death of Dr. Maginnis, and our failure to get a president till the year was gone. In point of fact, we never made so good an appearance as now. A very large gathering of friends, from some of whom we expect liberal donations, encouraged us and gave a cheerful tone to the occasion. Next year we shall be much stronger in the faculty. Dr. Robinson, who succeeds Dr. Maginnis, is a man of clear, vigorous intellect, and most finished style, and with our new president, Dr. Anderson, our corps will be at last complete. The doctor is a strong and able man, and certainly conservative enough, even for a college president, which is saying a good deal. We are heartily pleased with this last appointment.

At this time Dr. Anderson was thirty-eight years of age. He was unusually mature in character, and his height and stalwart frame seemed to take the place of years and of experience in the added dignity they lent to his appearance. His wife and his father followed him soon to Rochester, and they set up their Penates in a pleasant house on the corner of North Street and Andrews. His sister Maria had died during their life in Williamsburg, just out of New York, where they had resided while Dr. Anderson was editing the "Recorder." It was in this year, 1853, that Waterville bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, an honorable mark of appreciation from the institution with which as student and instructor he had been for so long a time connected.

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VII

AT ROCHESTER

If a University like this exists for any purpose, I suppose it is to promote mental culture, that is, the cultivation not merely of certain technical and professional faculties, but over and above these, of the whole man. The man, I must still hold, is more than his trade.—*Principal Shairp.*

VII

AT ROCHESTER. 1853–1870

IT is easy to assert that that which has taken place was to take place, to assume the role of prophet with a good strong backing of "accomplished facts." It is unnecessary to say that the bright outlook became a real condition, and that hundreds of useful men to-day gladly testify to what the University of Rochester has done for them, since the beginnings recorded in the last chapter. It has already largely fulfilled "the promise of its years."

The new president at once made a good impression upon the immediate friends of the college and upon the community at large, and his life was from that time so united with that of the university, that the record of it involves, as an essential part, the history of the college. Indeed, his life of necessity lacks salient points, such as it might have exhibited had his character been deficient in what made alike its personal strength and, in a high degree, its public importance, *i. e.*, its quality of steadfastness. When he came to Rochester he took the college for the first object of his effort, and although no one interest bounds the activities of an earnest man,

he made every other secondary to this one. He promulgated no new theories as a teacher or as an executive officer, but he set the seal of his personality on the whole. He did not, it is true, command the unreserved co-operation of all the members of the Faculty. It was perhaps too much to expect that he would. His conception of the office of the executive of the university was not large. It was in some respects narrow, and was at the same time a little dictatorial. In a long letter to Mr. Matthew Vassar, with reference to his proposed college for women, he outlines this conception, and he makes the duty of the president to include a minute personal supervision of details which might better have been left to others. There were those who became restive under such a method of administration, and one or two changes took place in the Faculty after a year or two. But, as a whole, he was most highly esteemed, greatly admired, and warmly supported.

Although his views regarding administration might, perhaps, have been broader, his conceptions of the character of an institution of learning, of its ends, its requirements, its responsibilities, were of the largest and most exalted. The following extract from his address to the graduating class of 1874 speaks forcibly as to his ideas concerning the proper estimate of a college, and of its merited place in the interest and generous recognition of men. He says:

An institution of learning, by its consecration to so high an end, requires a combination in itself of all forms of human power. Intellect, scholarship, administrative capacity, unselfish devotion, force of will, untiring industry, all find a place among the "lively stones" of such a moral structure. "It is my fixed opinion," says Sir Henry Maine, "that there is no surer, no easier, no cheaper road to immortality—such as can be obtained in this world—than that which lies through liberality expending itself in the formation of educational endowments. All experience shows that he only can command an enduring reputation who connects his name with the moral and intellectual history of man." If this generation shall fail to recognize our work we can wait. Nothing on earth except the church of God has such vitality as a solidly rooted university. Within the past five centuries dynasties, thrones, and States have passed away, and are almost forgotten. But the Universities of Bologna, Paris, Prague, Padua, Oxford, and Cambridge flourish as if endowed with immortal youth, and the memory of their founders shall live through all time.

Dr. Anderson's formal inauguration occurred the January following his entrance upon his official duties. The subject of his address on that occasion was: "The Ends and Means of a Liberal Education." A current issue of the Rochester "Democrat and American," contains the following:

Inauguration of President Anderson.—The in-

augural address of Prof. M. B. Anderson, LL. D., President of the University of Rochester, was delivered in Corinthian Hall on Tuesday afternoon. John N. Wilder, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees, presided on the occasion, and introduced President Anderson in a brief speech.

He said that the occasion did not require that he should eulogize the character or capacity of the gentleman who had been elected to the important position of President of the University, or even an expression of confidence. The Board feel that he is eminently adapted to the position he has consented to occupy. The ceremony of inauguration will be simple, he said; but he thought that its extreme simplicitly would detract nothing, in the appreciation of this intelligent audience, from its interest. This institution is controlled and managed by people of simple tastes and habits. The great design of its founders and guardians is, that a sound, thorough, solid, substantial, and sensible education should be afforded to its students—that it should be eminently American. They had committed the management of its internal affairs to the hands of the gentleman whom he was about to introduce. They had done so with great confidence in his ability and fitness, and with the understanding that the University is not to be the mere machine of sectarian propagandism, but a high-toned, well-managed institution for high Christian education. This institution has grown out of two great necessities—the first a local, and the second a denominational want. All familiar with its history know how those ends have been met. The enterprise was nobly seconded by the people of this city, where it was pro-

posed to locate it. And it might not be deemed egotistical in him, having had no previous opportunity for doing so, to thank the citizens of Rochester for the unswerving and generous support which they had given to it. It was probably enough to say that the University was worthy of the city and the city of it.

He then formally introduced President Anderson, who came forward and pronounced an address of considerable length, marked by learning, versatility, fine taste, and good common sense.

The years 1854–55 passed quietly by. A letter speaks of the "monotonous routine" of the college life. In 1856 there was a decided increase in the number of students, and the Faculty and friends of the college felt much encouraged. The times that try men's souls begin when the tides of early enthusiasm that have borne forward an enterprise have exhausted themselves, leaving the barrenness of indifference and forgetfulness in their retreat. The reaction from the exceptionally successful start was dreaded. It was with especial pleasure that the Faculty welcomed in 1856 a class of forty-seven freshmen, making the whole number of students in the college at that time one hundred and sixty-three. Then came the financial panic of 1857. The entering class of '58 numbered only twenty-eight; but the number rose in '60 to forty-five.

There was a new need for friends and money. The college had outgrown its first home, and a

movement began, looking to the erection of a new building. The main responsibility and the most disagreeable part of the work inevitably fell upon the president. And if it had not fallen upon him he would have assumed it, for it was not easy for him to depute or to share responsibility. He had in this movement the warm support of the Faculty, and he was acting under the direction of the Board, but no one could act as his substitute. The Executive Board had voted that an appropriation from the State treasury should be solicited, a course approved and practised by all the colleges in the State. The sum asked for was twenty-five thousand dollars, and was to be supplemented by the same amount given by private citizens. He visited Albany in the interests of the bill, and a letter to his wife tells something of his emotions at the capital.

Albany, April 3, 1856.

My Dear Wife: I wrote you day before yesterday, but have as yet received no note from you. I have made up my mind that nothing is to be done for our appropriation bill now. As I said to you when I last wrote, nothing can be done here but by the action of a lobby member through an entire session. No politician can be trusted farther than he is watched and paid in some sort of current coin. You can hardly conceive the depth of political corruption existing in this place. It is clearly second only to Washington in this respect.

It is said that the old Roman augurs could not look each other in the face without smiling. It

seems hardly possible that these legislators can keep grave when they talk about public morals and public good while they all know that the only prevailing motive is private interest—that nobody thinks of a bill being passed on its own merits ; it must be bought or driven through the house or it never moves. A member will introduce a measure and seem to work for it, but there is always a clog ; something stops the wheels and somehow or other it does not go. Why ? The State pays for printing bills, but any given bill cannot get itself printed without some indirect process. Bills seem to be in regular order on the calendar, but somehow they never come up in their turn. I had written thus much when I was called to dinner, and all the current of my thought has been changed, and I cannot resume it, so you will get no more now of my Jeremiad concerning State legislation. I now think I will stop here till Monday and preach here. There are some things I may do by staying here perhaps a few days longer. I have never been in Albany for any time. I am anxious to hear from home. I want a letter of chit-chat and pleasant talk such as you write when you try. . .

A letter addressed to the Hon. Lorenzo Burrows, Comptroller of the State of New York is in point here :

ROCHESTER, Dec. 10, 1857.

DEAR SIR :—I am too well acquainted with the principles which have guided your public career to suppose that any considerations apart from the public good would in the least affect you in giving preference to claims on the treasury. It is with

the view of recalling to your memory some considerations of a public nature affecting the validity of the claim of the University of Rochester on the State treasury, that, at the suggestion of your [word missing] I take the liberty of writing you. It is well-known to you that from the organization of our State government it has been the policy of New York to appropriate money in aid of public education. The State supports at a large expense a Normal school, and sets apart yearly funds to academies for the training of common-school teachers. Directly and indirectly we provide more trained teachers for common schools every year than the Normal school, supported at an expense to the State of twenty thousand dollars per year, if my memory serves me rightly. The Regents of the University exacting carefully prepared financial and literary reports from the colleges each year proceed on the assumption that they are responsible to the State for funds received from it. This division of supervising power over colleges between the State officers and their trustees is founded on the idea that education is, in part at least, a State burden. In point of fact the State has given largely to every college in the commonwealth, except our own, now in actual operation. To the older colleges, such as Hamilton, Union, and Columbia, it has given sums varying from one hundred thousand dollars to near a million. It is stated, on what I suppose to be competent authority, that Union College has received rising seven hundred thousand dollars from the treasury. Columbia College received from the State property in New York city which is now immensely valuable. It is worthy of remark also that of these

large sums Western New York has received almost nothing.

Again, while the colleges controlled by Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and others, have absorbed these large sums, the Baptists, with ninety odd thousand communicants, and six or seven times that number of those who sympathize with them, have received barely eight thousand five hundred dollars, which was given to the college at Hamilton. They have been taxed for the donations made to others, while they have been substantially excluded from the bounty of the State. The friends of this University have raised more money from private sources than has been given to any other college in the State, and this in the short space of seven years. All these funds are brought by law under the control of State regulations in the same manner as are those institutions in which the State has made large investments. Our University has accomplished more for public education in the seven years of its existence than any other college in the United States in the same length of time, dating from their organization. Regarding our standard of attainment and vigor of administration we shrink from comparison with no college in the State or the Union. With the moral and political tendencies of the instruction given here you are well acquainted. I trust they are such as will commend themselves to the favor of every Christian and patriot. The nature of the bill passed by the Legislature becomes in some sort a contract when the trustees comply with their part of the condition which the bill contains. They have met that condition and are most earnestly desirous that you can find it consistent

with your sense of duty to pay over the appropriation due this year. I need not tell you that the result of this application will mark a turning point in the history of this University for good or evil. You have it in your power to become one of our most distinguished benefactors. Personally I am deeply interested in this decision of the question. The labor, anxiety, and thought required to pass the bill and raise the sum required by the State to make the appropriation available have fallen mainly on me. Deep, indeed, would be my chagrin if all should prove a failure.

Very respectfully,

HON. L. BURROWS. M. B. ANDERSON.

As has been learned from the foregoing letter the obtaining of a corresponding sum from private citizens was a condition of the appropriation from the State. This was secured from generous friends whose names appear a little later. The "begging" from friends was a little more disagreeable than from the impersonal collection of persons called "the State." Under Dr. Anderson's rugged surface was a very tender heart and a sensitive spirit. A friend who knew him well has said that he "was the easiest man in the world to snub." A cold reception chilled him to the marrow. He writes to his wife of a common friend, who came to make an evening visit at a house where he was staying, that "she greeted him with such singular coldness that he could scarcely force himself to speak a word through the evening." He is said to

have made at much inconvenience arrangements for a "begging trip" to New York; to have planned his campaign minutely; to have set out hopeful and in the best of spirits; to have made his intended call; and, either on account of a suspected coolness in his reception or of an unexpected obstacle or interruption, to have abruptly left the place, not having said a word of what it had been his intention to say. He had no brazen mask to assume in the face of objections or refusal, and the intensity of his desire for the accomplishment of his purpose made disappointment almost unbearable.

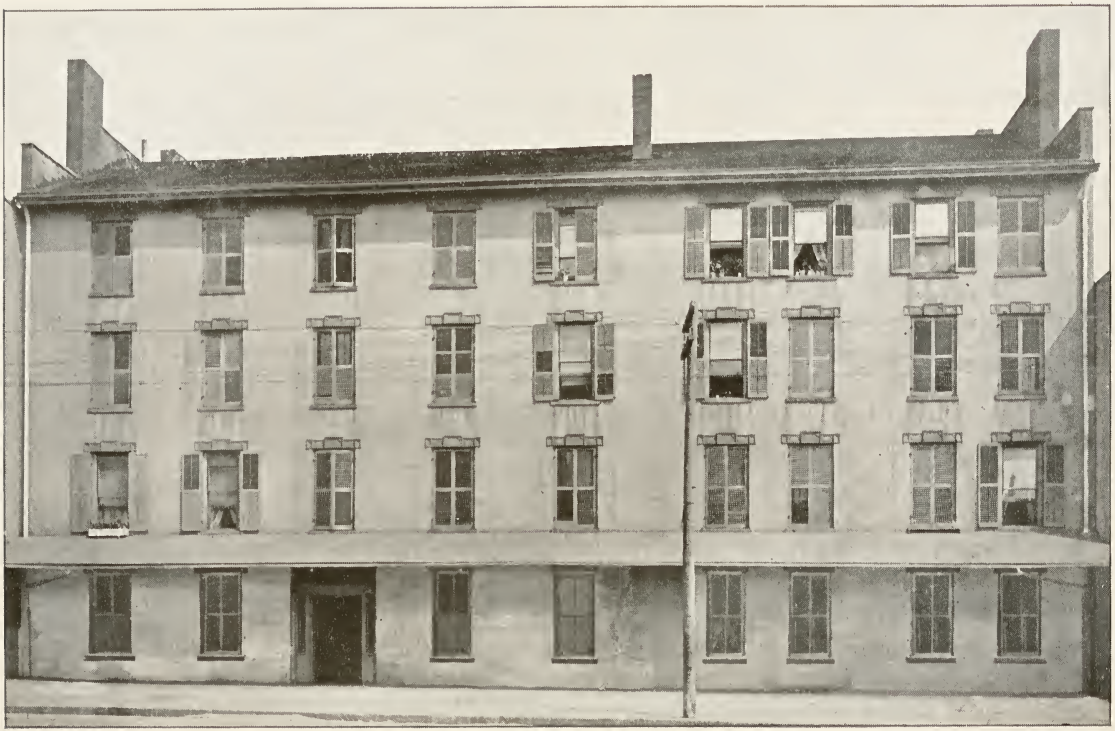
The appropriation was made and the conditional fund was subscribed also. Some of the older of the "old boys" will remember with a touch of pathos the time of the building agitation. He invited their co-operation from the beginning. He told them that they must be on the lookout for a good site. One racy young man told the president one morning that he had found just the place for the new building. At a certain point in the Genesee river were two small islands, connected with each other by a narrow strip of land and to the mainland by a bridge. "Put the building there and we will surely make Baptists of them, doctor. Put the college building on the outer island and the seminary nearest the land. Then when the students leave college they will be obliged to go through the seminary on one side, where they will perforce become thoroughly indoctrinated, or they will have to

go through the river on the other, where they will become thoroughly immersed."

When the site was settled upon,—an account of which is given in Dr. Anderson's own report at the time of the dedication,—came the inevitable delays and disappointments. "We'll have it next year, and it will be a sincere building." "Next year" and "sincere building" became by-words. When its plain, brown-stone walls were up, and the stiff structure took the shape assigned to it, there were those who thought that it had been "wrought in a sad sincerity," and that it was as ugly as it was enduring. But even those who honestly regretted that more architectural taste had not been expended upon a building so noble in its purposes and so important an addition to the public buildings of the city, and who had endeavored to bring about a change of plan, felt too deep a satisfaction in the possession of a building commodious and intrinsically creditable to cavil or complain. On the 22d of November, 1861, amid fervent thanksgivings and warm hand-shakings, the new building was dedicated. Then the officers and students of the collegiate department withdrew from the old hotel:

> He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
> Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
> Built up its idle door,
> Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

The foregoing quotation must not be applied with



THE "OLD HOTEL."

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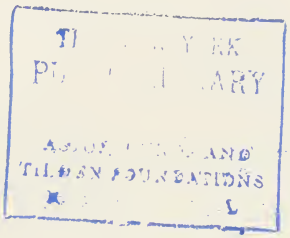
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ANDERSON HALL.

p. 135.

the literalness that marks, or that seldom marks, the classical translator. The steps of the withdrawing tenants were not very soft, nor did they build up the door of the old building. The door was not "idle." To have built it up would have immured the theological department of the institution, that continued to use the building until the erection of its own group of buildings on East Avenue; the first of which was built by Mr. John B. Trevor, of New York City, in 1869, and the later ones by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of New York. From the time of the completion of the new university building, the two departments of the institution were made distinct, the theological being under the charge of Dr. Robinson.

The following account of the dedication of the new college building and of its receiving the name of "Anderson Hall," is taken from the account in the Rochester "Democrat and American" of current date. The newspaper from which extracts have been given is the same as the "Democrat and Chronicle" of to-day.

"Dedicatory Exercises at the University of Rochester.

"On Saturday afternoon the chapel of the new university buildings was dedicated with appropriate and very interesting exercises. There had been no formal dedication of the new buildings, which have for some time been occupied by the college, and the

exercises at the chapel afforded the first and only opportunity to the friends of the institution to assemble and take a glance together at the work that had been performed.

"Cards of invitation were issued to such as were supposed to take an interest in the proceedings, and at the appointed hour the chapel was filled with people, and the exercises commenced.

"Dr. Luckey made the opening prayer, in which the Divine blessing was invoked upon the institution, the country, and all the great interests that concern our people and the world.

"President Anderson then requested the audience to sing the hymn commencing, 'Lord, I have made thy word my choice.' The reading of the nineteenth Psalm, and a prayer by Rev. Mr. Boardman followed.

"Dr. Anderson then read the following paper, which gives a history of the effort made to raise the fund for the university, and how the work was carried on to its completion:

"It has been the settled policy of the trustees of this institution to keep its external and internal growth in harmony with each other. They have been anxious that its outward appointments should never be in advance of the ability, industry, experience, and number of its instructors. They have wished to give a practical illustration of the fact too often forgotten, that large or elegant edifices do not make an efficient institution of learning. They

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THE CIRCLE BEFORE ANDERSON HALL.

consequently opened this University in a rented edifice. Soon after an opportunity presented itself of purchasing the building then occupied, and which for the past years of our history has been the University's local habitation, and they accepted the reasonable terms upon which it was offered and effected a purchase. . . At the session of 1856, the trustees determined to commence an effort to erect a building on the grounds which they held on the east side of the city, eight acres of which had been given by the Hon. A. Boody, and the remainder acquired by purchase. During the next session of the Legislature, in January, the Executive Board in this city determined to apply to the State for an appropriation to assist in the erection of a building. After some consultation a bill appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars was drawn up, the appropriation being conditioned on the raising, from private sources among the friends of the University, of an additional sum equal to the amount named in the bill. This bill was offered in the Senate by Hon. John E. Patterson, then representing this district. Having been referred to the appropriate committee, it was considered and a favorable report made to the Senate. Through the efforts of its mover, Mr. Patterson, and those of Hon. William Kelly and Hon. A. S. Upham and other senators favorable to the measure, it was passed by a nearly unanimous vote. . . But the bill after all our pains was worth no more than a piece of blank paper until an equal sum had been subscribed by the private friends of the institution. . . Gratification at the success of our bill was followed by corresponding anxiety. This condition of our affairs was known to friends

of the University, and among others to General John F. Rathbone, of Albany. With a promptness and generosity which are a part of his nature, he came forward without being asked with an offer of a subscription of twenty-five thousand dollars to fulfill the conditions which were requisite to make our bill binding on the State Comptroller. None but those who knew the difficulties in which the University was placed can fully estimate what the institution owes to this act of enlightened liberality. The large donation of G. W. Burbank, Esq., of this city, which had been given to the endowment fund, had relieved the University in a similar strait a few years before. These are facts in our history which we recall and recognize with delight.

"In retracing the efforts by which the bill was carried through the Legislature, we gladly recall and acknowledge the labors and influence of many among the living, and of one among the dead. The chief among the founders of the University, and the first president of its trustees, John N. Wilder, Esq., gave his constant and untiring labors for the success of the bill. Attention has been already called to those earnest friends who carried the bill through the Senate. To no one, however, is more due for the success of our efforts than to Hon. John T. Lacey, then member of Assembly for this city. He labored incessantly and with great judgment and tact for our object. Our difficulties were not yet ended. The State treasury was enormously overdrawn. Our canal revenues were at their lowest point. Piles of unpaid drafts were vexing the Comptroller, Hon. Lorenzo Burrows. In the course of the year, however, he

found means to pay the first instalment of our claim, $12,500. . .

"By recognizing our claim as one of the just debts of the State, he placed himself among our substantial benefactors. The succeeding year the treasury passed into the control of Hon. Sanford E. Church. At the session of 1859 the trustees authorized the Executive Board in this city to proceed to the erection of this edifice. . .

"In the plan and erection of the building the ideas of convenience, solidity, and economy have limited the action of the Board. The building is intended for use, not for show. So far as it was possible within these imperative limitations, the Board has desired architectural beauty. How far the architect has succeeded must be left to the general judgment of architectural critics. The Executive Board was made a Building Committee by the trustees, with the addition of the president of the University and Prof. Quinby. For practical efficiency a sub-committee of three, consisting of the two last named with the addition of the secretary and treasurer, W. N. Sage, was appointed. . . Subsequently, on account of the absence of Prof. Quinby in the army and the partial illness of the president, the committee was enlarged by the addition of Prof. Cutting and Dr. Henry Dean. Upon this sub-committee the principal labor of superintendence has devolved.

"In retracing in the barest outline the history of this building, from the first efforts to raise the money to erect it to the present time, there arise in the minds of those who have been most intimately connected with the efforts, emotions of

mingled pain and pleasure—of pleasure and gratitude to God for the result; of pain at the very thought of the toil of brain and hand, of hopes deferred, of days and nights of depression, anxiety and exhausting care." . .

"At the conclusion of the financial statement Mr. Sage stated that he had been requested by the Board of Trustees to offer a resolution which at a meeting held Nov. 22, 1861, was unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, This new home of the University has been mainly obtained by the zeal, the labor, and the self-sacrificing spirit of its noble-hearted president; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That our secretary, William N. Sage, be authorized as our organ, and in our behalf, to make known at the dedication of the chapel the name of the new building, which will be known and designated hereafter as 'Anderson Hall.' . .

"The announcement by Mr. Sage of the resolution of the trustees conferring such a marked compliment upon the president, evidently took the gentleman by surprise. His heart was touched by this delicate expression of confidence and esteem, and he could not conceal his emotion. . .

"Dr. Kendrick then delivered the address, and after the address and a prayer, which was offered by Dr. Shaw, the audience received the benediction from Dr. Dewey."

The following musical stanzas by Joseph O'Connor, of '63, suggest the contrast between the old and new college homes, and will recall to the alumni, with the vividness of a picture, the real and the ideal outlook of their college days. That it is what "one of your own poets hath said," will enhance its interest:

ANDERSON HALL.

. . . . . .

No more within an old Hotel,
Amid the city's noises,
We strain our lungs in vain to quell
Its clamors with our voices.
No more do hens in torture shriek
Through problems mathematic,
No more, three stories up, our Greek
Seems purest kind of Attic.

Here all is calm, and cool, and strong,
And each sedate Professor
May sit and talk, the robin's song
Alone is an aggressor,
Save when some engine rushes by,
And like a brazen giant
Sends forth its shrill and startling cry,
Loud, warning, and defiant.

Here lazy boys, when Latin tires,
May sit in luscious dreaming,
And watch the tall, suggestive spires
That rise in sunlight gleaming.
Or when, upon the other side,
Dull Logic seems unending,
May turn to meadows stretching wide,
And woods to breezes bending.

Ah, yes, so soft the scene, and bland,
Around our Seat of Learning,
We oft forget how in the land
The flames of War are burning!
Yet in each heart the slightest spark
Lights dread or expectation,
Each bosom's swell may serve to mark
The pantings of the Nation!

. . . . .

The Civil War had begun. Dr. Anderson had predicted it while others were uncertain and hopeful of a different issue. When Sumter was fired upon, the swift current of patriotism thrilled through Faculty and students. Dr. Anderson was a Republican in political affiliation, but he was first a patriot. In a memorial article that appeared immediately after his death, in the Rochester "Post-Express," the editor, Mr. O'Connor, says:

Before the Civil War he was a conservative, and if he did not believe that the conflict between the North and the South could be put off altogether, he wrought for its postponement. . . He foresaw and foretold the crisis of 1861, not vaguely, but definitely and distinctly, and when it came, he was not taken by surprise, but stood ready to meet the responsibilities which it brought. When fire was opened on Fort Sumter a meeting was called at the city hall and the anxious people gathered in throngs. The petty politicians who had laughed at the idea of Civil War sneaked into the background; but the wise and bold scholar was prompt to meet the emergency.

Dr. Anderson was the chief speaker at the meet-

ing, and no one that heard him can ever forget the occasion. At the first flash of gunpowder the conservative was transformed into a radical, and he welcomed the contest with a frank, fierce enthusiasm. It is the opinion of one who was long the associate of Dr. Anderson that his greatest speech was made in denunciation of the assault on Charles Sumner in the Senate; but so far as our memory goes back, he was grandest in his acceptance on behalf of a peaceful people of the Southern defiance to battle. . . Seldom have nobler words on a nobler occasion been more nobly spoken.

His patriotic utterances were as sincere as they were eloquent. He writes that "it would have been a positive relief to him if he could have gone himself like Quinby into the work of raising a regiment." In the same letter, addressed to Hon. Ira Harris, he says, under date of Rochester, April 21, 1861: "I have been terribly anxious about Washington for a week or more past. I have turned myself into a professional agitator during that time, —in the pulpit, on the platform, in the street, wherever I could get anybody's ear. I have in the meantime held council with Quinby and Martindale, visited the recruiting stations and the Common Council, doing everywhere what I could. . . Quinby's regiment is nearly ready. They are mustering men in this afternoon. It is a terrible blunder in the law or the general order, I don't know which, that the officers cannot be commissioned and the men sworn in here. In fact, Rochester ought to

be made into a military depot, so that the men can be disciplined for a few days before they are put under marching orders. I trust you will see there is no hitch about Quinby's commission as colonel. He is morbidly modest and I encouraged him in going on without orders or commission, telling him that you and I, and all the force at our command would insure him against the disgrace of failure. He is very anxious to get 'William' or some similar person for an adjutant. With these raw men he needs very much an experienced staff. I am very much troubled to keep the students from enlisting. They will go to a man if needed. . . My mind is full of crotchets. I want the government to call for a volunteer navy to serve during the war on the army plan. I would take officers for this navy, part from the regular service, and part from the merchant marine, from the best seamen among the masters and mates. I would buy or charter a number of light-draught propellers and some side-wheel steamers, strengthening them by some thick streaks and knees, so that they would bear a battery of two heavy pivot guns, a few more smaller pieces for grape at close quarters, and send them out as coast-guards, transports, and sea-guerillas, to scour the Southern coast, pick up privateers, dash into small ports, make little boat expeditions beating up the enemy's quarters everywhere, keeping them in constant fear, and compelling them to keep men under arms all along the coast of the

Southern States. Being kept under articles of war they would not be objected to by other nations. They would be of most efficient assistance in keeping up the strictness of the blockade, and keeping off provisions and contraband articles of war from the enemy's coast. Naval volunteers of this sort could be used to the end of the war and then discharged without incurring further expense." . .

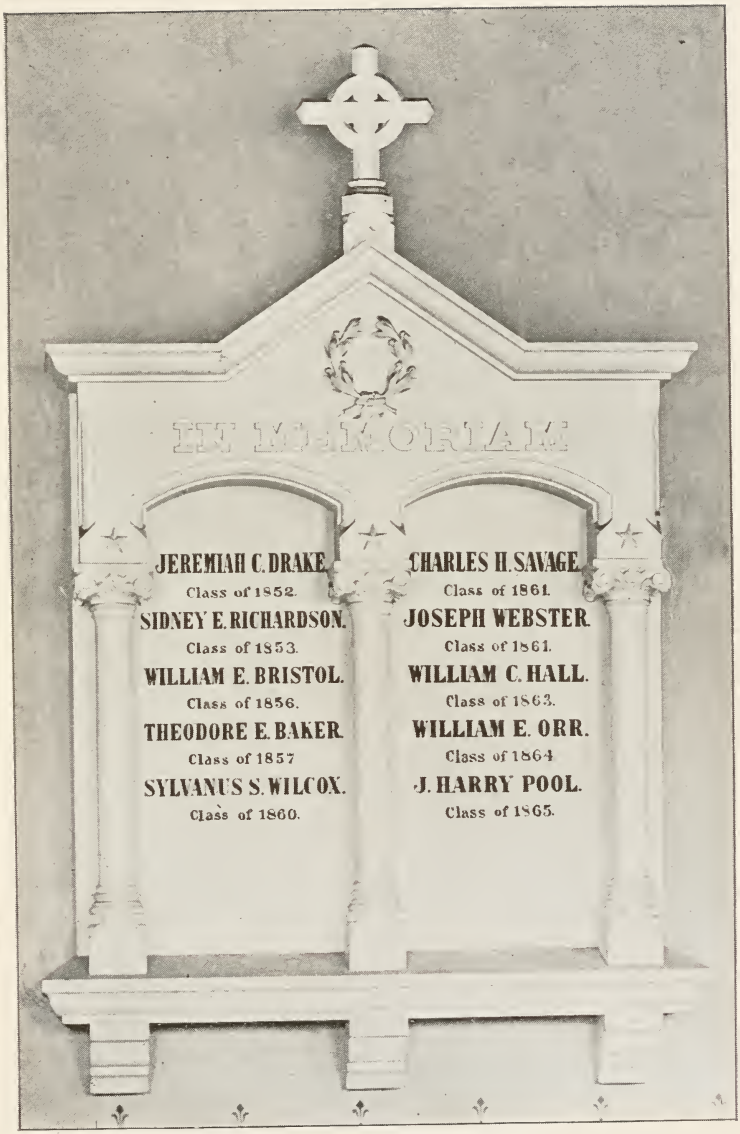
This is a short extract from a long letter full of suggestion, even as to the course best to be pursued by a division of the army in southern Kansas.

The loss of Prof. Isaac F. Quinby was a severe one to the college. He was a trained and brave soldier, but he was no less brilliantly endowed as a teacher of mathematics. He raised the first two years' regiment in the State of New York, and served until the close of the war.

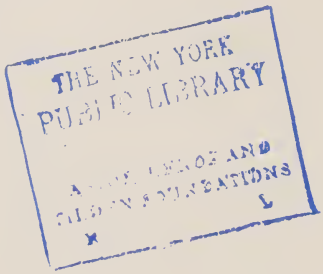
Although Dr. Anderson restrained many of the students from a hasty plunge into the volunteer army, he was heartily desirous that all should enlist whose circumstances justified it, if the country needed their services. The students who were in college at that time will not forget it—the stirring talks from the president on their duty as citizens, the solemnity that pervaded the religious exercises, the involuntary bursts of emotion in public and private, the suspense in which the daily routine went on. No succeeding classes, however well drilled in the science of government, and of our

government, have learned so well the principles on which that government was founded. A large proportion of students early enlisted. Twenty men from the under-classmen were reinforced by twenty-five from the senior class and the alumni—a proportion of one in eight of the whole number of students. A memorial tablet in the chapel of Anderson Hall commemorates the ten who died in the service. To the president all the students were as sons, but toward those who lost their lives in the war he felt a peculiar tenderness as though they had been doubly his own. He could never speak or hear of them without tears.

It is a common thing to jest at the practical patriotism and political wisdom of a scholar. There is no more baseless jest. It was really during the war and because of it that an intimate relation grew up between the college and the city, much stronger than the social relations that had before existed. Rochester passed through the same soul-stirring scenes as other cities, and not a citizen was more eager to lend a hand than each member of the college Faculty. The president, especially, by virtue of peculiar gifts, became a leader in every civic or military meeting which it was possible for him to attend. More than once on these occasions he thundered like a "Jupiter Tonans." His massive form and head, his ringing voice, his swiftly surging flow of thought and speech, have brought to mind the cry, "The gods have come down to us in the



THE MEMORIAL TABLET. p. 146.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likeness of men." His citizenship was cemented by this crisis as has been seldom true of a college president.

During the war and after it, till age and illness forced him to withdraw from public scenes, it is scarcely too much to say that no public meeting was complete without him—his voice, or, after that became too much to ask, his presence. It is a little the fashion of late to question, or even deny the efficient mutual relations of the university and the city. This misrepresents the facts. During the entire life of the college the relations between the city and the university have been close. The rapid influx of a new population overshadows for a time old ties formed while the city was younger. But her graduates are among its men of prominence and culture, and the intelligent society for which Rochester is noted, is due largely to her presence and influence. To no man does Rochester owe more for enlightened and able leadership than to Dr. Anderson, and to him at no period of his life was its indebtedness as great as during the war. It was a remarkable and spontaneous tribute to his civic importance that after his death it was seriously debated whether his most appropriate position, carved in marble, would be upon the college campus or in front of the Court-house.

Numerous and long letters written in war time to prominent political men; written in the midst of the anxieties attendant upon dwindling college

classes and proportionately increasing financial embarrassments, attest the grip which the principles and the practice of patriotism had upon him. Sitting in his library or class-room he improves our vessels of war, plans campaigns all over the country, and watches the public pulse both at home and abroad. He was well adapted to the strategic, the mechanical, or the fighting department of war-making; and, while it cannot be said of him that a good soldier was spoiled in a poor college president, those who best knew his dominating characteristics have been often inclined to think that his natural and most congenial post would have been at the head of an army.

The war told heavily upon the prosperity of the college. At the close of 1862 Dr. Anderson found himself worn in body and mind. The labors incident to carrying through the building project, the excitements connected with the war, and the apprehensions for the future of the college had affected his health. At the close of 1862 he borrowed money, and he, with Mrs. Anderson, went to Europe for a year of rest. There they lived and traveled quietly, avoiding publicity, but they received many pleasant attentions. Although he purposely avoided public speaking, he "did much quietly to put the Northern cause into its true light before Southern sympathizers."

One amusing incident occurred at one of the Italian cities. His resemblance to Garibaldi had

often been remarked, but his astonishment can be imagined at finding, on one occasion, his hotel filled and his carriage surrounded by a crowd that had taken him for the Italian. Among other results of this European tour, and one of the most valuable, was a choice collection of engravings and etchings. This collection was made with especial reference to its use in the weekly lectures on art which had become a feature of the college course and of the æsthetic life of the city. Dr. Anderson had a fine artistic taste, and a very extensive and thorough acquaintance with the history and principles of art. If he had been a man of wealth he would have been a generous patron of the best artists in their varied departments. A short extract from a letter to a friend in the Faculty, and who was acting-president during his absence, illustrates the general character of their tour.

MILAN, June 1, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I had intended to answer your letter from Florence, but I was prevented by those little events that so consume the scanty leisure of tourists. Mrs. Anderson wrote to Mrs. Gardiner (the mother of Mrs. General Quinby) of our tour from Rome to Florence. We went by Assisi, Cortona, Perugia, and Arezzo, through the heart of old Etruria, directly across the old battle-field of Lake Thrasymene. We visited every place of interest along the route, spending six days in our trip. The Etruscan sites on the road you are familiar with. Apart from the headwaters of the

Clitumnus, the Necropolis of Capua (just opened), the old deserted walls of Falerii, the Bridge of Augustus over the Velino, the site of Fidenæ (the battle-field between Constantine and Maxentius), were most interesting. After I reached Florence I made an excursion with a scholarly friend to the old city of Clusium, the seat of Lars Porsena, where "by the nine gods he swore," and the visit was one of exceeding interest. While there we made excursions to Sarteano and Cetona, also Etruscan sites. I won't give a new edition of Meditations among the tombs, hoping to be alive, by God's blessing, to give my sepulchral experiences to the "old Club."

On our return we paid a visit to Sienna and her old masters in painting and architecture, and were richly repaid for our trouble. The wealth of early art in these old republican towns in sculpture and painting is really wonderful. I saw there a Madonna by Guido of Sienna, which was signed and dated 1221. It was hardly inferior to Giotto, and fully equal to Cimabue, one of whose Madonnas was near. Simone Memmi, Taddeo Gaddi, and in later times, Sodoma and Beccafumi were worthy of the best companionship of the Roman and Florentine schools. Between Sienna and Florence we passed close to the birthplace and favorite residence of Boccaccio. At Perugia we saw some of the early works of Raphael while he was a pupil under Perugino.

In the Sala del Cambio at Perugia are two series of finely preserved frescoes of Perugino, on which Raphael worked—some sibyls are undoubtedly his work. They are clearly the originals of his later

sibyls in the Santa Maria della Pace in Rome. Perugino is here at his best—the worthy master of Raphael. At Assisi in the great and, I may say, wonderful church of St. Francis we saw Cimabue and Giotto in their glory. Nearly the whole roof of the nave is covered with frescoes of Cimabue. The sides of the nave lower down are covered by the works of Giotto. In the lower church are Giotto's masterpieces over the high altar.

I will pass over Florence and leap the Apennines to Bologna. We went thither by land over the mountains. We were most amply satisfied of the justice of the praise given to the Bolognese school. Domenichino, Guido, and Guercino here appear to the highest advantage. Other names of men hardly known are their worthy competitors. At Florence we saw the works of Garofolo and Dosso Dossi, who give dignity to the old decayed town of Ariosto's residence and Tasso's imprisonment. Everywhere we feel impressed with the idea that the very few names which stand out apart in the history of Italian art are natural outgrowths of an atmosphere and soil, and that a mere trifle more favorable circumstance and conscientious labor gave to Raphael, and Titian, and Corregio the supremacy which they held. I am more and more satisfied that in general those who pass for prodigies of genius are but a very little above the average of first-rate men of their time in natural gifts, and are those whose health, career, or industry gave them a very little supremacy over their fellows. When this was conceded by their own and succeeding ages, the tendency has been to reduce the value of these able contemporaries and exalt those who were

a very little the abler men. Now, in saying this, I do not wish to deny the reality of the world's judgment regarding special and God-given genius. I see no one "*simile aut secundus*" to Raphael, or Michael Angelo, or Titian. But I am sure that Michael Angelo could not have been without Ghiberti, Giotto, and Massacio. . . I see all the elements of Titian's unrivalled power over the hues of nature in Gian. Bellini. I am sure also that Italian art cannot be intelligently studied except in its history.

I have given nearly as much time to Giotto, Perugino, Bellini, and Fra Angelico as to their greater and more fortunate successors. I have wished *cognoscere causas*—to look at Italian art, not as an unaccountable phenomenon, but as natural growth from real forces in the times. You will say, "Here is my old friend astride his hobby—historical development," but I know that you are large enough to admit even a hobby into your thoughts. . . I feel the necessity of discharging from my mind so far as possible all anxiety regarding home matters. My weakness and ill-health when I left home were due to excessive anxiety about the success of the University in times of peril, rather than to work. I have a foolish habit of suffering by anticipation. A present danger or calamity I never fear greatly. It is generally something tangible that I can fight with. I often anticipate as if actually present calamities that never come to pass. In this way I have taken more trouble upon me than was needful. This anxiety regarding the future has saved me from many difficulties—made me vigilant and held me sharply up to my duties when indolence or

weariness would have counselled rest, but it has helped to reduce my physical strength, and I must try, even at this late day, to reform and live less in the future and more in the present.

I am conscientiously taking every means to recover strength for future work in the University. Sometimes I do not look at a newspaper for two weeks. I can do nothing for the University or my country but in prayer, and so I do not attempt anything except to defend it when attacked. When I went abroad I deliberately determined that neither man nor woman should decry my country in my presence without rebuke. I have found less occasion for defense of our institutions than I expected. I have avoided society, and few seem disposed to abuse. Ignorance is the great difficulty. I find among Englishmen an ignorance of our institutions worthy of a Comanche Indian. The war interferes with trade everywhere. . . We don't spend money as formerly, and hence are all in the wrong. They hope we shall soon be whipped into peace, as that will bring them trade again. This is the whole story regarding the opinions of the mass of Europeans as to America. The English have in addition the same sort of pleasure in our trouble that they would in seeing a stiff rebellion in France which should cripple the power of Napoleon, so that they should be delivered from the French nightmare which so rides them.

I am delighted to hear of the moral state of the University. God be with you and strengthen you all. Remember me to all. I shall write soon regarding the future. Yours sincerely,

M. B. Anderson.

The preceding extract gives a good idea of the breadth of Dr. Anderson's views as to art, and the insight and independence displayed in his comments. In no branch of study were his historical and philosophical methods more useful than in his art instruction. His series of art lectures was delivered on Saturday mornings in the chapel of the college, and a large number of persons attended them from the city. Architecture he was especially interested in, and his casual remarks on that subject were very suggestive. He was for several years one of the commissioners appointed to superintend the laying out of public parks in the city, and was very much interested in that aspect of the development of Rochester.

Upon his return from Europe he resumed his regular duties at the university. These were greatly increased in some directions by the effects of the war in reducing the number of young men who were able to take a college education. It has been estimated that not until two years ago has the country returned to her *ante-bellum* status in that respect, and that the large influx of young men into college during the last two years marks the return to the due proportion of young men in the country, and consequently in the colleges. In 1864 the number of students who entered was only nineteen, and in 1866 the whole number in attendance was but one hundred.

With college attendance at this low ebb some-

thing had to be done. Hard times knocked at the door, and bankruptcy peered in at the window. Dr. Anderson spent a great deal of time in soliciting money, and his letters to his wife reveal a terrible despondency and apprehension. He says that unless he can get money he must resign. In this time of depression he was shown the "kingdoms of this world and the glory of them." Brown University called him to fill the place of Dr. Barnas Sears, resigned. On the 17th of April, 1867, he was unanimously elected President of Brown. Every Baptist will at once recognize the honor of the appointment and the inducements for its acceptance. Brown was old, well endowed, of high rank among educational institutions. An editorial of current date in a religious newspaper says:

"In point of honor it (the presidency of Brown) is the first place the denomination can bestow upon any man. The college is more than a hundred years old; has graduated the first men in the land or world; has numerous warm-hearted friends who will watch over it with paternal solicitude; a large and increasing patronage; and has before it the promise of a splendid career of usefulness. Its presidents have been men worthy of any position as men of talent, scholars of large attainments, and educators of the highest views and the best discipline."

The correspondence addressed to Dr. Anderson on this subject was large and suggestive. Each

writer had his opinion and his "cause," and "advised," "hoped," "urged," "entreated," and "prayed" on his side the more ardently, because some other was doing the same on *his* side. Fortunately, their target was a man of opinions of his own, and was not likely to be distracted in judgment or diverted in action by so many and so divergent counsellors.

When Rochester woke up to a knowledge of the external and internal pressure that was making it very difficult for Dr. Anderson to decline the election, a meeting was called to consider the subject. Mr. William A. Reynolds, one of Rochester's most liberal and high-minded citizens, presided at this meeting. Professor Cutting, who had been elected professor of rhetoric several years earlier, made with fine tact the opening statements, explaining the difficulties which were harassing the president, reminding the citizens of certain more or less definite but very important promises which had at different times been made with reference to the college, and which had been neglected, if not entirely forgotten. Then he called upon the treasurer, Mr. William N. Sage, for a financial report. The sum demanded by the exigencies of the college was two hundred thousand dollars. What would Rochester do? Several distinguished citizens, Dr. E. E. M. Moore, the present honored president of the Board of Trustees, the late Hon. Lewis H. Morgan, Judge

George H. Danforth, Judge E. Darwin Smith, and others, made complimentary addresses. Dr. Kendrick gave a brief exposition of the character and services of Dr. Anderson. The practical result of the meeting was embodied in a resolution that the sentiment of the meeting be expressed to Dr. Anderson, and that the sum of thirty thousand dollars be raised in Rochester to provide a president's house and a laboratory for the university. The following brief document contains what was in some aspects a "grand refusal."

ROCHESTER, June 7, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: After anxious and protracted deliberation I have decided to decline the office tendered to me by the Fellows and Trustees of Brown University.

It would be impertinent in me to recount the reasons which led me to this result. I have sought to decide the question in full view of the consequences, both personal and public, which are involved in it. I must leave the event with God.

I beg you to convey to the distinguished bodies of gentlemen whom you and your colleagues represent, the profound sense of obligation which I entertain toward those who have honored me with their suffrages. Could I have seen it to be consistent with the considerations of honor and duty which bind me to my present position, nothing would have given me greater gratification than to serve them, and, so far as I am able, by earnestness and diligence to vindicate their too favorable judgment of my labors on behalf of Christian education.

My sincere prayer is that they may be guided in their future action by Divine wisdom. I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

M. B. ANDERSON.

To the Committee of Fellows and Trustees—Rev. Dr. Stow.

Dr. Anderson's less formal statement was somewhat like this: "Go? No, I am going to stand by. Rochester invested in me when I was unknown and without value; if the investment has not proved a failure, Rochester deserves the profits."

In compliance with the resolution mentioned above, a desirable and beautiful property near the college was purchased, and was given to the university for the residence of the president. The house standing upon it was not new, but was spacious and attractive. It was situated on the corner of University Avenue and Prince Street. From that time until the resignation of the president, in 1888, that house was the scene and center of a hospitality as hearty as it was generous and elegant.

In 1868, Dr. Anderson was appointed a member of the State Board of Charities from the seventh judicial district of the State. The work involved in the acceptance of this office and in the faithful discharge of its duties was exacting, and extremely wearing in its nature. He was untiring in his investigations whether of existing conditions, his-

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE. p. 158.

torical facts, or scientific statistics. His reports include minute examinations of a great variety of subjects, such as "Labor in Institutions for the Dependent Classes," "The Education of Deaf Mutes," "Alien Paupers," "Outdoor Relief," "The Condition of the Asylum for the Blind at Batavia," and many others. An especially important paper, read before the Social Science Congress at Saratoga, in 1876, was on the "Means of Relief from the Burden of Foreign Paupers."

This is not the place for an outline even, of his opinions on subjects of this character. Extracts from such reports, and indeed, the reports themselves, do not give, except to those who have had experience in compiling them, anything like an adequate idea of the work involved in their preparation. Practical and constructive rather than theoretic and analytic, his mind readily grasped, combined, and applied the elements of social economic problems. His services on this Board, and on numerous important occasions that grew out of it, were highly esteemed. They brought to him one of the most gratifying honors of his life—election, in 1872, to membership in the Cobden Club, of England. He resigned from this Board in 1872, and was worthily succeeded by the late Hon. Oscar F. Craig, of Rochester, whose name suggests to the persons so fortunate as to have been in any way associated with him, integrity and fidelity, adjoined to unusual ability.

Other marks of appreciation of Dr. Anderson's public services came to him, such as an appointment on the commission to preserve a public park at Niagara, and also on an important commission, appointed by the executive of the State, "to consider the better government of cities." And so the years brought not only labors but honors, and the consciousness that the former were not in vain.

VIII

AT ROCHESTER—TO 1882

Again and again have I said that I know not what to do with a metaphysical God ; and that I will have no other God but the God of the Bible, who is heart to heart.—*Niebuhr.*

VIII

AT ROCHESTER—TO 1882

DURING the thirty years—from 1840 to 1870—of Dr. Anderson's working life, he had been constantly expending mental force, in addition to his regular work of instruction, in correspondence, in sermons, and in addresses, but he had embodied almost nothing in a form which could be regarded as in any degree permanent. Between 1865 and 1880 he prepared and printed several series of lectures; some of these were prepared for and delivered before his own classes, others were delivered before institutions similar to his own, and others before institutions quite different in character—bodies of professional specialists in science, law, or politics. His department of instruction was metaphysics and psychology. His first complete series of lectures was upon psychology, and was prefaced by a careful and somewhat elaborate discussion of scientific method. In this discussion he sets forth "the principles underlying the origin and organization of the various departments of purely scientific investigation"; but he also claims and illustrates "the possibility of subjecting mental phenomena to scientific analysis and interpretation."

He gives the following definition of science: "Science is the discovery, classification, and naming of uniform and invariable relations of action and reaction, quality and quantity, form and substance among the forces and existences which make up the world of matter and of mind." After illustrating his theory of the proper method to be applied to the investigation of mental phenomena, he takes up these phenomena and endeavors to ascertain and classify the laws that control mental action.

"As a philosopher he was a natural realist. He follows Sir William Hamilton and the Scottish school, which emphasizes the doctrine of common sense, in opposition to the idealism of Berkeley and Hume."

Between Materialism and Idealism he occupies a middle ground. He says: "Whoever attends to the conditions of his own intellectual life, with these two forms of existence (mind and matter) always present and always asserting their distinctness and difference, can never accept either Idealism or Materialism. The formula of consciousness constantly repeats the affirmation of that grand duality that pervades the universe."

These lectures contain condensed outlines of leading theories in psychology, which precede a careful, masterly statement of his own position. He made no claim to originality of system or of presentation, nor can it be claimed for him. The leading characteristics of his metaphysical thought and teaching

were soundness, independence, and clearness. He had no mental vagaries nor intellectual dark corners. Nor did he follow any thinker except from honest conviction. He read widely and thought carefully. His mind had a certain native integrity that rendered him a peculiarly safe leader in the realms of metaphysical speculation. These lectures were supplemented by a series on moral philosophy. They are very condensed in form, as they were prepared for the use of the Senior class, and, as they were never expanded, their successive propositions resemble a series of mathematical formulæ, no one of which can be omitted without marring the sequence of the whole.

In these he presents and dissects the leading systems of ethics, and clearly sets forth his own. Here, as in the sphere of purely mental reasoning, the inborn orthodoxy of his nature asserts itself. He exposes the inadequacy of utilitarianism, the vagueness and limitations of materialism, emphasizes the reality of moral distinctions, and accepts and recommends for guides only those philosophers whose systems recognize an authority "above man's reason working within the narrow limits of man's experience."

His instruction in morals was not so deeply imbued with the religious element as was that of his contemporary, Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, but it was "ethical" in the highest degree. With the mental meanderings of the Trans-

cendentalists he had no patience, and with the hard unmorality of the Positivists just as little. The combination in himself of a strong practical bias, and of the qualities upon which depend the perceptions of faith, and the varied activities of the spiritual nature, gave him a place mid-way between the religious teacher and the secular philosopher.

His teaching on the evolutionary theory, as expounded by Herbert Spencer, was what would be predicted of a mind such as his. In the course of his lectures on moral philosophy, he says: "It should be said that the ethics of Mr. Spencer, as well as the school to which he belongs, are the logical products of the attempt to reduce God, man, and nature to a materialistic unity of existence. The order of nature, which to Cuvier, Agassiz, and Faraday was the incarnation of an Infinite Mind, is to Mr. Spencer a mere process, which furnishes no evidence of a will and an intelligence adequate to the organization and control of the vast outline and infinite complications of the universe. This process, under the alias 'Evolution,' a mere abstract term, naming a vast number of essentially different modes of action, is converted into a concrete entity, by which the 'aggregate of phenomena,' physical, intellectual, and moral, has been 'wrought out,' or in plain terms, created. This use of the term 'evolution' is an illustration of what may be appropriately called 'The idolatry of general concepts.' We have a cultus of evolution, and men who revolt from

the doctrine of a God, find no intellectual difficulty in clothing a 'process' with all the attributes of the Deity, with the exception of those which are moral and render him worthy of our adoration and love."

From these brief extracts and comments may be learned, in a general way, Dr. Anderson's place among metaphysicians and moralists. A more thorough study of his utterances on these subjects will confirm what has been seen already, that he distinguished, with intuitive directness, between what is specious and what is genuine, between sound and sense. These lectures he gave to the Senior class.

They were followed by others. History, as has been said, was in his opinion a study of fundamental importance. From the time when he introduced it into the college course at Waterville until the end of his teaching, historical investigation and applied historical method were, as he said, "hobbies" with him. Of what value to the thorough and philosophical student of language, literature, science, or religion, is the knowledge of their present and ephemeral phases, unillumined by the light shed, and shed only, by a knowledge of the past? To the student ignorant of history, broadly understood to include streams coursing down the ages through channels now widely divergent but once united, there is no intelligent knowledge possible. Time is the most important factor in every problem and change is its inevitable coefficient.

Dr. Anderson had a natural love of facts. He often claimed a "nose for news" as a feature of his mental physiognomy. His collection of "knowledges" has been aptly described as "encyclopædic," rather than "organic and closely systematized." But his qualifications as a teacher and a student of history were of a much higher order than those of the ordinary fact collector.

He says, speaking of the methods of instruction in the university: "We endeavor to give the historical development of every department of learning and science which we teach. We hold that no body of scientific systematic truths can be thoroughly understood except in the history of their origin and laws of growth. Hence, we are always teaching history, from the beginning to the end of our course. Our aim is never to lose sight of the historic method. We seek also to compare with each other all stages of scientific growth, all forms of literature and art, all the phenomena of law and social organization, to compare the old and the new, the barbarous and the civilized, the forms of language, the types of nature, all manifestations of mental and moral action. In this way only can we reach that comprehensive and organized system of thought which should distinguish the educated man of the nineteenth century."

It was along these lines that Dr. Anderson's claim to scholarship lay. His immense assortment of facts, and his philosophical grasp of historical

relations marked him as a historian of rare qualifications. He possessed an element which was akin to genius, an intuitive foresight almost startling sometimes in its fulfillments. His gift in this respect had also this characteristic of genius—that it was unknown to or unappreciated by its possessor. Like Dante, who would paint a picture, and Raphael, who would write a sonnet, he was half unconscious of this real and remarkable power, or was indifferent to it. It has been said of him that he was himself a shining example of a philosophic doctrine the truth of which he stoutly denied—that of intuition. Some of the topics of his historical lectures were "The Decline of the Roman Empire," "The Feudal System," "Mohammedanism," "The Canon Law," and the series of agencies which developed the States system in Europe.

In other lectures he took up subjects of a politico-economic nature, a line of thought always suited to his taste. He delivered lectures on "Banking," "Taxation," "The Scientific Theory of Money," "International Commerce," and kindred topics. He was so intensely interested in problems pertaining to government and to statecraft that even the demands of his teaching and other scholastic work did not prevent him from giving utterance to his views on these subjects. During the years of "Reconstruction" he was alive with suggestion on the problems confronting the country. Two long letters addressed to President Grant on

the "San Domingo Treaty," and the "Inflation of the Currency," bear witness to the practical character of his interest. His views on "Reconstruction" are given in a letter to Judge Tourgée, and printed in the "Fool's Errand," in the chapter entitled "The Oracle Consulted," over the name "Enos Martin." Had he chosen the arena of politics for his own, there is no position to which he might not have aspired, and which he would not have filled with credit to himself and advantage to his country.

He was thoroughly American. He understood the fundamental principles on which his country was founded, believed in them, and upheld them.

From among his many public addresses extracts are given here from two of especial interest, because they give his opinions on two subjects which he had much at heart. The first address is on "Voluntaryism in Education," treating of the nature of the American college and its relation to State support; the second is an address delivered when as chairman, he opened the Convention of College Presidents, held at Ithaca, N. Y., and expresses his views on "Elective Courses."

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

It should always be borne in mind that a discrimination should be made between institutions—like the German Gymnasia and the typical American college—which contemplate giving a certain degree of culture preparatory to professional study,

and institutions like the University of Berlin, which are a mere aggregation of professional schools, presupposing an elementary liberal training on the part of all those who are admitted to their lectures. Our American college is an indigenous growth, adapted to our population and wants, which cannot be replaced by any exotic system unadapted to our intellectual soil and climate. Its best results are secured with a comparatively small number of pupils under a discipline that is personal and paternal. It may be questioned whether some of our older and larger institutions are not, by their very size, outgrowing the training functions proper to the American college; and whether in their efforts to compass the results and imitate the processes of the great Continental universities, they are not losing sight of the most important duties which, from the nature of our educational system, necessarily devolve upon them.

We may not hope to give elevation and solidity to our education by transforming the typical and indigenous American college into a bungling imitation of the European university. Let us give life and vigor to our present system, and when public opinion will justify it, add to our college curriculum advanced courses of study for all those who have the time and means to pursue them. We shall thus preserve the college as the place for disciplining mind and forming the character, while we shall ultimately provide additional instruction for all who have a special vocation for scholarship or science. We shall thus secure professional schools for literature and science which shall take the place, relatively to the college course, that is now held by

the schools of law, theology, and medicine. Let us also require a college course, or its equivalent, as a preparation for the professions, and there will grow up gradually, around all our well-endowed colleges, a collection of *real* professional schools which shall meet all the demands of the highest culture in the great departments of human thought and investigation.

We believe that, in the future development of the wealth and intelligence of our country, the voluntary system, which has been so satisfactory and successful in the maintenance of religion, will be abundantly able to meet all the demands of higher liberal and professional education. We would then confine State provision for education to the common school, and to institutions that may be found necessary to train teachers for the common school. We have the most implicit faith that the individual benevolence of the country will, in the future, give to those institutions of higher learning which show themselves worthy of it, an endowment beyond anything that the present century has seen. Men of wealth will soon learn, that he only can secure a place in the memory and affections of coming generations who links his name and fortune to institutions for the moral and intellectual elevation of his fellow-men.

It will be seen that in this address he takes a position on the subject of State appropriations of money for colleges differing from that which he held in the earlier years of his presidency. In a personal letter to President White, of Cornell Uni-

versity, acknowledging one to himself, he says, referring to the difference in their views as to the legislation upon which that institution was grounded, "they (his present views) are honestly held, and are the result of nearly thirty years of experience in college work. . . I have spent the larger part of my life in the State of my adoption. If the public has seen fit to withhold from me the means to carry out my ideas, it is probably my own fault. I am thankful that you will not have to go through my bitter experience of blasted hopes and fruitless endeavor." A single paragraph from the address already quoted from gives his later opinion in brief on the voluntary principle:

The State—as an organism with powers limited mainly to the protection of life, property, and personal liberty—may not undertake to teach what belongs to the domain of conscience. In so doing, it transcends its legitimate sphere. High education cannot be adequately conducted without the discussion, in the way of acceptance or denial, of God, the soul, the objective sanctions of morality, and all the forces which bind a man to God. As this high education, in order to be scientific and thorough, is conversant with the sphere of topics which involve religious and moral principles, it should be referred, like religious beliefs and modes of worship, to the action of the voluntary principle. This would exclude from the charge of the State, except for giving the power to hold corporate property and confer degrees, all collegiate and professional education.

One more extract from the closing portion of this address is of importance, as it gives his position on the subject of the denominational, or as they are improperly called, sectarian colleges. He says:

I am aware of the persistent ridicule—not to say misrepresentation—which has been expended upon what the opponents of the voluntary system have been pleased to call "sectarian colleges." They forget that there may be a sectarianism of skepticism and irreligion as positive and as bitter as any that exists within the limits of religious denominations. As a general rule, it is not true that the colleges of our country have been used as instruments for propagating the tenets of religious sects among their students. Such a charge, indiscriminately made against those who control the American colleges that have derived their main endowment from religious denominations, may be justly designated as slanderous. No man acquainted with the broad-minded, liberal, and learned men who have the control of these so-called "sectarian" institutions, can either intelligently or honestly charge them with using their positions for sectarian purposes in any legitimate sense of the term. No thoughtful man can ignore the work which such "sectarian colleges" as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Columbia, and Brown have done for the country. These have all been predominantly controlled by some denomination of Christians, and they represent to-day the highest type of our intellectual growth. They have saved us from educational barbarism. They have adopted into their curriculum every new science which has established any just

claim to recognition. They have been nurseries of public morality and of an exalted patriotism. They have given tone and elevation to our literature. They have furnished an education distinctively American—a better preparation for American public life, whether political, professional, or mercantile, than can be furnished by any institutions in the old world, however broad and comprehensive their courses of instruction may be. They furnish the ideal to-day which the newer institutions of the country, established under State patronage, are painfully and laboriously striving to realize.

The second address mentioned, delivered at the Conference of College Presidents of the State of New York, discusses elective courses of study. The character of his opinions on this point will be already inferred from his general conservatism, and is indicated in the following quotation.

These specimen portions of organized knowledge which are to be made the basis of a systematic and broadly liberal education must be selected. This selection ought to be made by the professional teacher. Here I wish to say that I consider the business of the teacher a profession, and I hope the time will come when it shall be recognized as such, as universally as that of the lawyer, doctor, or clergyman. It is not so now. It has been my experience, and I have no doubt it has been the experience of many of you here, [that] we find very few who do not assume to understand the laws which underlie the selection of the course of study best fitted to develop a young man's faculties

better than the professional teacher. I think the teacher who has spent a lifetime in studying the processes and results of disciplinary training, is entitled to respectful attention when he recommends certain portions of organized knowledge as best for the development of the mind and preparation for the business of life. The opinions of individual teachers are increased in weight when they harmonize with those of the great community to which they belong. There is a substantial agreement among the great body of experienced teachers in reference to the selection of those studies which shall be made the basis of liberal education. I say a substantial agreement. We should not be men if we did not disagree in some particulars. They believe in giving students their choice among studies to a certain limited extent in the latter part of the college course, but in general, experienced teachers do not believe in permitting young men to select indefinitely from the various departments of knowledge, according to their own idiosyncrasies and tastes. Young men often make their election, when their range is free, without regard to the laws of scientific method, or the relations of the studies to each other, following a zigzag course like that of a brook through a mountain valley. Their intellectual tastes lead them to follow the line of least resistance. Most students select, naturally, the courses easiest for them, studies in which they can take the highest rank with the least effort. Human nature is human nature the world over. Neither they, nor their parents, have in general the knowledge and experience fitting them to make a wise selection. The professional teacher should make

that selection. If they are not better prepared to make it than men who have not given their lives to the work of instruction, they are unworthy of a place in their profession. . .

These two addresses have been largely quoted from, because they give in his own words, Dr. Anderson's positions on two mooted educational questions of his time. In 1875 he delivered a series of six lectures before the Cincinnati College, at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the "Relations of Ethics and Jurisprudence." These lectures elicited warm admiration from all the best lawyers of the city. His mastery of legal subjects surprised their most accomplished jurists. He delivered a course of lectures on the scientific method before the School of Theology of Boston University, of which a reviewer says: "Rarely has it been our good fortune to listen to so thorough an exposition of fundamental truth. The eternal pillars of a spiritual philosophy were seen to rise before us, and the dome of the fair temple shone across the campagna of physical and metaphysical truth." His last series of lectures was delivered in 1885, before the students of the Crozer Theological Seminary, at Chester, Pa. His subject was "Ethical Science."

In 1875, a "Macedonian cry," to quote his own description of the call, was sounded to him, to come and help Chicago University. Dr. J. S. Burroughs was about to retire, and the university was in a very critical state. Its death knell had practically

sounded. As more labor, and more arduous, is demanded of one who attempts to resuscitate an old cause than of one who undertakes to create a new one, it could not have been expected that Dr. Anderson would see his sphere of duty to be there, at his age, even if he could have been drawn from Rochester. His reputation was, at this time, at its height, but his strength was beginning to wane. He had been for three years president of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and for a shorter time of the American Home Mission Society. He was associate editor of Johnson's Encyclopædia, and his industry in connection with that work was indefatigable. Toward the latter part of the '70's he began vigorously to try to raise the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the endowment of the college. This effort required the courage of a David and the strength of a Hercules. Before that amount was secured, his health gave way. During the summer of 1877 he was subjected to a long and severe illness in Maine. His friends at a distance were prepared by letters to hear at any time of his death, and his relatives in Bath were summoned to what was thought to be his death-bed. He recovered, however, and returned to Rochester in the autumn, but did not dare trust himself to attend the college exercises. As soon as his strength and the weather permitted, he went South for the winter. There he gathered a relay of health, and he resumed his college work

in the summer of 1878. The "College Campus," the college paper published by the students, under date of May, 1878, says: "Dark were the forebodings when he left for Florida. When, therefore, he returned, we almost feared to see him; we feared to see an old man, physically and mentally broken down. On his entering chapel the cheering was loud and prolonged, testifying to the fact that, in appearance at least, it was still the doctor. His first words filled all hearts with rejoicing. . . There remained but the clear fact that Dr. Anderson's vigor of intellect was unimpaired."

During the next few years, however, under the strain of financial anxiety, it seemed at times as though his mind was giving way. His memory became somewhat impaired, and he was the victim of attacks of terrible depression. When, however, in 1881, the endowment was assured, his vigorous constitution proved its strength, and he regained his wonted health. His letters during that time of money-raising are pathetic. He says that he is trying to be patient, to meet disappointment with resignation, and success without undue elation. He breathes deep sighs of weariness, of body and of spirit. From every journey, whatever its result, he turns to his home with a wish that he might never be obliged to leave again its peace and rest. To his wife these later letters express an ever-deepening affection, and a growing appreciation of what had been her share in the successes of his life.

After the endowment was secured, he thought strongly of resigning immediately. The office of the presidency had become a great burden. He was not old, but he was enfeebled, and felt conscious of failing powers. He could not rest, or even relax sufficiently his labors, while he held the executive office. With unremitting assiduity in these first days of infirmity, he kept up a correspondence that would have been a sufficient occupation in itself for some men. The newly started college for women at Poughkeepsie interested him intensely, as a large correspondence with Mr. Vassar and others indicates. His election as a trustee of that institution involved added responsibility. His college duties had been at no time neglected, and he had been often compelled by emergencies to do the work of others as well as his own.

One feature of his college custom had long been the giving of informal talks to the students, two or three times a week, when they were assembled for the chapel exercises in the morning. In these "chapel talks," he was practical, philosophical, serious, humorous, as the mood or topic of the hour prompted. Before a sympathetic audience, unrestrained by the conventionalities of "set" occasions, he was in favorable conditions for impressive speech making. To many of his students these were never-to-be-forgotten "talks," and one or two extracts are given here, to recall to the "boys" some of those telling scenes.

Perhaps to their mature taste and thought the chapel talks may seem a little disappointing, because, although they were stimulating and suggestive to young men, they had not the real depth and strength of his class-room work. In his recitations he was sometimes almost magnificent. He would become fired with the subject which he had in mind, and forgetting the lapse of time, would blaze away with irrepressible excitement, until it seemed that there was no display of mental or moral power to which he was not adequate. He would exhaust the energy that should have lasted for a week in an hour, and would seem to have a supply only limited by the limits of the recitation.

A man sees what he carries eyes to see. A man goes all the way to Rome to see the Pantheon. When he gets there he is surprised to see nothing but a building. He sees nothing in it, for it calls up nothing to him, none of its history, none of the associations, none of the ideas connected with it. An uneducated man asked my friend while passing along the streets of Rome who Pont. Max. was, supposing it stood for a man's name, and not knowing that it was an abbreviation for *Pontifex Maximus*.

Gentlemen, it will be harder for you to get your intellectual kites up in your time than it was for me. You will have greater competition.

A man cannot doubt his own existence ; if he does he has no *pou sto*. Neither can a man prove

his own existence. He cannot go back of those fundamental principles which underlie the belief in any existence.

Goethe attracts me less than any of the modern poets. He is a man of transcendent genius; but a passage in Scripture applies to him more than to any other—carnal, sensual, devilish. Byron's poems are a relief compared to those of Goethe. He carries the antidote along with the disease. Shelley was an honest infidel, if there is such a thing, and many of his poems give good lessons; but Goethe is wholly bad, nothing redeems him in my estimation. He dwelt apart from his people, caring little for them. He had no patriotism, no sympathy with his own age or time. He held the same relation to the people and conditions of his time that Erasmus held to the Reformation—that it was well enough so long as it did not interfere with his affairs.

From these chapel talks, as well as from his recitation room, the earnest men of the institution or the class went away awed, sobered, made to feel that a charge of intellectual dynamite had been imparted to them. They might be little, and know little, but they would make the most of what they were, and do their best in the great life by-and-by. To put such a spirit into a man is more than to teach him to master a science, and such an influence Dr. Anderson perpetually exerted.

IX

THE CLOSING YEARS

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce, at last,—
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain,
The future I may face now I have proved the Past."

—*Robert Browning.*

I could not live without you at my side, love;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love;

—*Joseph Brenan.*

IX

THE CLOSING YEARS

"WE live in deeds not years." In 1882, at the age of sixty-seven, according to the present standard of human life, Dr. Anderson was not old. But infirmity, the relentless tyrant which rules more rigorously than the gentle years, and which demands a strict accounting for sleepless nights, overtaxed strength, and other habitual disregardings of nature's laws, had marked him for its own. Rheumatism had been for many years fought off with doubtful success, and now it began to get the mastery. He was obliged to reinforce his weakened and stiffened limbs with two canes. The disease had settled in the hip, had defied all treatment, and besides causing excruciating pain at times, made motion difficult. His hair was whiter than his father's at the time of his death at the age of eighty-six. His complexion was pallid, and his face and form were thin. In his eyes and voice, however, remained almost unaltered the fire of his prime. "Oh, doctor," he used to say to one of his colleagues, who was finding the hardest work of his life to consist in idleness, forced upon him by a weakness of the head, "what would I not give if

my legs served me as yours serve you!" "Ah, doctor," would be the answer, "you can have both my legs if you will give me your head."

After the obtaining of the endowment fund he did not immediately resign; but he traveled little, wrote fewer letters, and for those employed a secretary, made few public addresses, and gradually withdrew from outside activities. He attended the session of the Baptist State Convention at Rome, N. Y., in 1884, and a year later, as has been mentioned, he delivered a series of lectures on "Ethical Science," at Crozer Theological Seminary. These were the most prominent public duties which he performed in the last few years of his administration in the college. The community and the denomination realized that the time was short in which to show him evidences of the esteem in which he was held, and such attentions as his health permitted him to enjoy were extended to him. Ten years earlier, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entering upon the duties of the office which he still held, the citizens of Rochester had given him an ovation, in Corinthian Hall, on the Wednesday evening of commencement week. At that time addresses had been made expressive of the appreciation with which the community regarded the life and the labor so steadfastly and generously bestowed upon the city, as well as upon the college, and a resolution of affection and gratitude had been presented. At the time of his retirement his own

health, and that of his wife, was too uncertain to render it wise, or indeed possible, to make public demonstrations of regret. There was also, too much of pathos connected with this sundering of long and strong ties, to make any demonstrations in his own city quite in good taste. In other cities, however, as opportunity offered he was the recipient of many attentions. One of the most notable of these was a reception given to him and Mrs. Anderson by the Social Union of Philadelphia, in the rooms of the American Baptist Publication Society, after the close of the lectures at Crozer. The reception took place on the evening preceding the final lecture, but was intended as a recognition of the honor and the pleasure of hearing his voice in public and on his favorite themes once more.

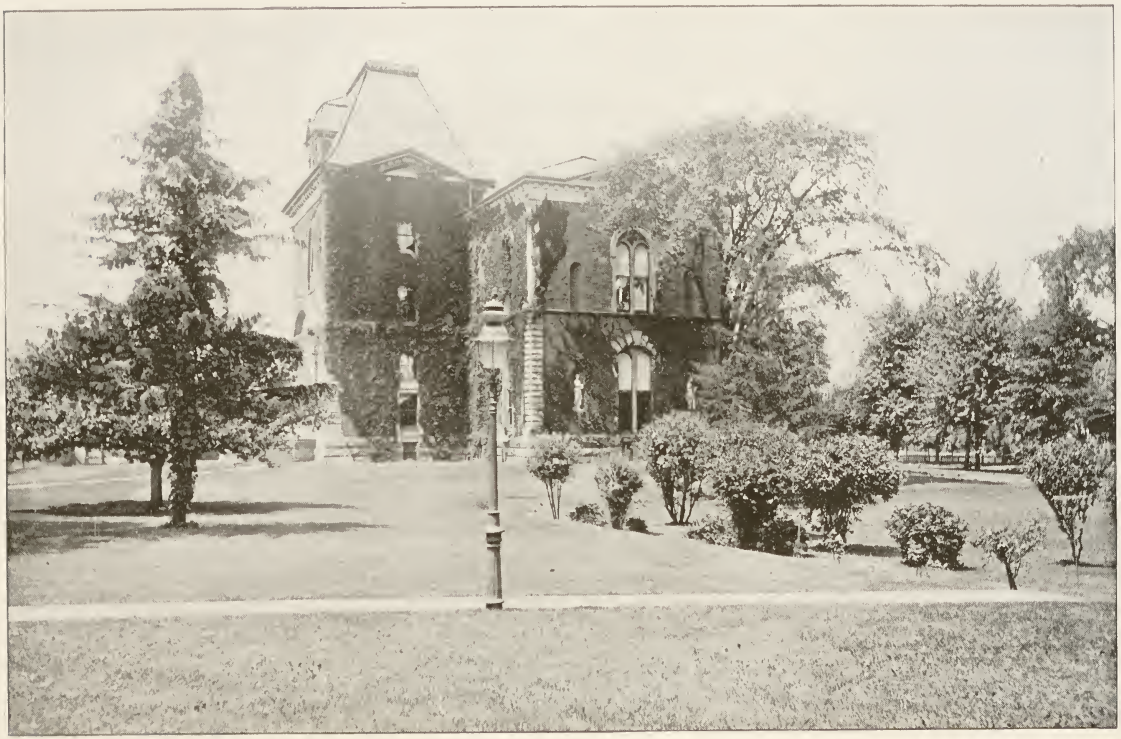
Dr. George Dana Boardman, who had been for several years Dr. Anderson's pastor at Rochester, and who was then at his long-time post as the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, introduced the guest of the evening. This introductory speech is such a gem in itself and was so beautiful an introduction to the speaker's former parishioner, that it cannot be omitted here. It was as follows :

There are two men to whom I owe more than to any other, living or dead—for my own sainted father died when I was but two years old. The one—the father of our own dear Dr. Wayland—taught me ethics—taught me how to shape my early steps. Too soon he ascended to the stars. I owe him a

debt which is measureless. He took me in my youth and inexperience and lifted me on his broad shoulders by his character and by his love. If I have a place in your hearts, the praise is due to him.

The other is beside me this evening. As a publicist, he stands unsurpassed. He might have held and honored a seat in the Senate of the United States. For years he has received the reverence of the first men of the Empire State. In the arena of education he is competent to pass from one classroom to another, an expert in a hundred branches. The elaborate article on Engraving, in Johnson's Cyclopædia, illustrates the width and versatility of his talents. But it is as a Christian man that I love to present him to you. He is so great a man that he could attend every prayer meeting in my church for a period of eight years. Nearly thirty years ago he presented me, a stripling, to the public; to-night, I present him, a veteran, to you.

Dr. Anderson spoke at considerable length on Education. He referred with sadness, tinged with bitterness, to the long-delayed and ofttimes wholly forgotten promises made to college officers, which if but fulfilled would lighten burdens and prolong life. He reviewed his position on the subjects of small colleges and elective studies, and closed by appealing to the rich men of the country to awake to their duties and opportunities. The occasion was in every way gratifying; but he writes to his wife, who had not been able to be present, that he could



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hardly get through it. "I don't know as I exactly made a fool of myself, but it about came to that."

On the death of Mr. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, about this time, a trustee and a generous friend to the college, Dr. Anderson prepared and presented the resolutions which were accepted by the Board of trustees of the University. Among his correspondence was found a note from Mr. Sibley, enclosing a draft which the writer said he sent unsolicited "because he wished to convey to Dr. Anderson his own sense of the importance of the work he was doing for the city, and because he had long been conscious that the president was receiving very inadequate compensation for his labors."

During 1885–86 and 1886–87 he filled the president's chair and performed its duties. But his lameness had very much increased, and Mrs. Anderson's health had become very frail. It became evident that a change must come. In April, 1888, he offered his formal resignation to the Board. He assigns as his reasons those which have been mentioned here, and says in closing:

"I therefore respectfully ask leave to resign the Presidency of the University of Rochester, the resignation to take effect at the close of the current year. In making this request, I beg leave to ask of the trustees that they will please to accept my heartfelt gratitude for the favorable consideration with which they have regarded my efforts to give vigor and reputation to the University, and the

courtesy and the attention with which they have met my suggestions designed to promote this end."

The resignation was accepted, and the president's formal retirement took place at the commencement exercises of that year, June, 1888. The event and the occasion were full of pathos, almost of tragedy, to the older persons present, and of sad interest to all. The address to the graduating class was perhaps the most striking that he had ever delivered, a Socratic swans' song, "who, when they perceive that they must die, having sung also in their earlier time, do now especially sing, rejoicing that they are about to go away."

As the few, the very few, then present of those who remembered the inaugural occasion of 1853, surveyed the scene, they saw much more than was visible to the outward eye. The forms of the departed sat upon the stage and in the audience—the patriarchal Dewey, the erudite Maginnis, the classic Conant, the scholarly Richardson, the cultured Cutting, the brilliant Raymond, the efficient Wilder, the gifted Quinby—these, and many others, whose advice or money or encouragement, or all combined in one, had helped to make the college what it was. Dr. Edward Bright, Dr. E. M. Moore, Dr. E. G. Robinson, Mr. W. N. Sage, and his brother, Mr. Edwin O. Sage, Professor A. H. Mixer, Mr. Elon Huntington, and Dr. A. C. Kendrick, were almost the only ones living of those who brought forth and nursed through its infancy the vigorous institution,

which in 1888, received its second president. It is not out of place here to mention that Mr. Huntington has made the remarkable record of having been present at every meeting of the Board of trustees since the university was founded. Although the tide of time has brought him to his eighty-sixth year, he is as faithful to its interests as he was in his prime.

The alumni dinner was the event of the week. At the commencement exercises in the church no allusion had been made to the fact that this was the last occasion on which a Rochester audience would see that familiar figure in classic cap and gown on a commencement stage, but in the informal meeting of the alumni, that was naturally the topic of thought and remark. Admirable speeches were made, of which enthusiastic eulogies of the retiring president were the spontaneous and fitting theme. These were mingled with expressions of cordial welcome to the one who was incoming, Dr. David J. Hill, for ten years president at Lewisburg, and who was Dr. Anderson's own choice for that position at Rochester. Mrs. Anderson was remembered with tender sympathy, and a special message was conveyed to her, thanking her for a life no less devoted than that of her husband to the interests of the college. A reception was held at the president's house in the evening, which marked the conclusion of the official relations between Dr. Anderson and the University of Rochester.

He officiated at commencement a year later, on account of the absence of the new president in Europe for a year of advanced study. That last appearance was, however, but the shadow from which the substance had fled.

The condition of the college when Dr. Anderson left it was excellent. Of course its wants were not all supplied. For no *living* institution is this ever likely to be the case. But its financial resources had very largely increased, and in endowments and property ran considerably beyond a million dollars. Its teaching force, most excellent in quality, in quantity was fairly equal to the demands of such an institution. New buildings had been erected, notably the Reynolds Laboratory and the Sibley Library. A noble museum of palæontology had been founded, and the technical apparatus had attained respectable dimensions. The campus had been much beautified, and suggested many a pleasing contrast with the past. His gifted successor, Dr. Hill, with a reputation already made, with the confidence of the Faculty, and Dr. Anderson's own personal selection, was on the ground and was successfully taking up his task. Much "underground work" had been done, to use Dr. Anderson's familiar term, more than any can know who have not had a kindred experience; but now the superstructure stood upon its foundation, of fair proportions and goodlier promise. Surely he had "builded better than he knew."

The latter part of the summer of 1889–90 was

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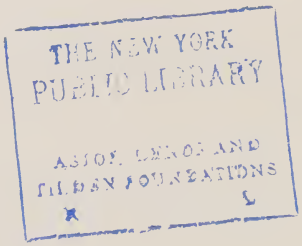
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spent by Dr. and Mrs. Anderson at Fairhaven, Vermont, in the home of Miss Allen, who had for several years supplied to them the place of daughter, friend, and companion. Thither had been sent books and manuscripts, in the hope that, in the quiet of the village and with the invigorating air of that healthful region, the doctor would be able to obtain sufficient strength for the preparation of a volume of addresses for publication. He did, after a short time, find himself very much recuperated. Mrs. Anderson regained her health also, and, although they had gone through with the breaking up of a home so dear that to leave it was almost like the breaking up of a heart, they both spent the summer in comparative health and much happiness. During their stay there, Dr. Anderson wrote a very large number of letters with his own hand. He wrote to the new president of Rochester, to his former colleagues, and to many of the old students letters of advice, of sympathy, and of reminiscence. Some of the students to whom he sent letters had been out of college for many years, but he had followed them in their varied careers with the affection and minute knowledge of a parent.

In October of that year he, with his wife, made their way, with occasional stops, to Florida. In Rochester they made brief calls on a few old friends. On one of these they called as Dr. Whitbeck, an "old boy" as well as a "beloved physician," was making a professional visit. As they left the doorstep

the invalid, who was several years older than Dr. Anderson, said, "Good-bye; you will see me no more on earth." Had he been a true prophet he would have said, "I shall see you on earth no more." They spent several days in New York City, and there Dr. Anderson consulted several publishers with reference to a published collection of his writings. To Dr. Rossiter Johnson, editor of "Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia," at a farewell call made in November, he said, "I shall have my papers ready for you in March."

Accompanied by their friend, Miss Allen,—now Mrs. Timothy Merrick, of Holyoke, Mass.,—they went to Lake Helen, in Florida. There they had spent the preceding winter, and this place they had selected as their future winter home. Here Dr. Anderson began the labor of revising and editing his already printed papers, intending to collect them into one volume or more, as their value should suggest. He had the modesty that accompanies exceptional ability, and was as keen a critic of his own work as of that of others. He had not a very high notion of his literary productions in respect to their permanent value. He said of them that they were written for occasions, and that they were not adapted to permanent preservation. It is a source of great pleasure to the many who recognize in his words, even on especial occasions, the qualities that alone give lasting value to any words, and that invest even the most casual utterances with worth,—truth, and

strength, and thought, and learning,—that although he was not able to put his material into just the form that he had planned, under a judicious hand much of it has been collected and is now at the command of those who wish to obtain it.

The Florida weather was balmy, and for a time both Dr. and Mrs. Anderson were very well. When in Rochester they had referred to a digestive disorder from which Dr. Anderson had experienced considerable inconvenience. Early in December word was received that this gastric weakness had increased, and was proving very serious and obstinate. Through January there were periods of relief, and finally a letter from Mrs. Anderson says, "At last I can breathe freely The worst seems to be over, and my husband to be on the way to complete restoration." As often happens, this improvement was only apparent, and quickly following the news of returning health came the announcement of a sudden collapse, and of the abandonment of every hope. Then came a telegram saying that Mrs. Anderson was ill. A rapid change of temperature had given her a cold while she was sitting at her husband's bedside, and she had left his room to get a shawl to throw around her shoulders. She never returned to his side. An attack of pneumonia found her always frail body no longer sustained by her invincible spirit. Her courage had failed with the conviction of her husband's hopeless condition. She sank like a flower before a blast; she had neither

will nor wish to live, and died on Saturday, February 22, 1890, after an illness of about a week.

When her death was made known to Dr. Anderson he neither spoke nor wept. But between the message and Miss Allen's next visit to his room he "aged ten years." He had become so terribly emaciated and physically weak that a few of his former friends, who were near enough to visit him, could not look upon the change in that splendid form without tears. As his friend, Dr. Stearns, said of his friend, Dr. Sears, it had seemed as though that towering, stalwart frame could defy decay.

Of his mind that was literally true. Its intelligence never wavered and its strength never succumbed. He was himself the controlling spirit of his sick-room until his last direction had been given. He would not allow a display of emotion, and when a visitor, finding him altered beyond what had been expected, showed signs of tears or breaking voice, he would almost sternly indicate that he wished him to withdraw or to command his feelings. He was cheerful too, and a burst of humor would sometimes reveal a glimpse of the still susceptible as well as strong soul. He selected the hymns to be sung at his wife's funeral and at his own, not knowing that they would be but one. When he had remembered every friend, had given every order, he said, "All ready," and he "met his Pilot, face to face." He died on Wednesday, February 26, 1890, four days after the death of his wife.

The quaint words of Henry King seem to have been written for them, scarcely separated by the shadow of death :

> But hark, my pulse, like a soft drum,
> Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
> Stay for me there ; I will not fail
> To meet thee in that hollow vale ;
> And think not much of my delay,—
> I am already on the way,—
> Divided, with but half a heart
> Till we shall meet and never part.

The double funeral, held at Rochester, presented one of those tragic scenes not common in a lifetime. The caskets stood in solemn dignity at Anderson Hall, guarded by a deputation of students, for two days preceding the funeral. On that occasion a short service was held at Anderson Hall, conducted by the Rev. Samuel W. Duncan, D. D., now of Boston, Mass., for a number of years Dr. Anderson's pastor, in the Second Baptist Church. From Anderson Hall the long procession, composed of the Faculty of the college, the Board of trustees, the members of the "Pundit Club," and other prominent citizens, made its way to the church on North Street. Down the aisle which for nearly forty years they had walked together, past their draped and vacant pew, the two caskets were borne, and rested together at the platform. The exercises were begun by the Rev. James B. Shaw, D. D., the veteran pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, of

Rochester, for many years the warm friend of the university and of Dr. Anderson. He was the senior of the president by several years, and had behind him a period of devoted service to a single cause, similar in length and spirit to that of his departed friend. He led the vast audience in a prayer so celestial in its tones and temper that

> The earth faded out from your vision,
> And the Heavens began.

Rev. F. L. Anderson, the pastor of the church, made the first address. He said :

How tenderly solemn and impressive this occasion ! How eloquent its voice, how clear its meaning ! Dr. and Mrs. Anderson occupied no position of worldly power, yet their memory compels us to tears. They were not rich, but what a wealth of affection is theirs to-day. They had no child ; behold their children. Such is the reward of self-sacrifice. Such is the fruitage of lives devoted to the good of others. To day we remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said : " It is more blessed to give than to receive." This was the central thought of the life of Dr. Anderson. How often he has pointed out to me those sacred words : " The Lamb slain before the foundation of the world," and indicated to me in his vigorous way that the universe was built up on the principle of self-sacrifice ; that it is God's eternal plan that no great or useful work for humanity shall be done except through pain and suffering, and that it is a

part of the Christian's life to live over again the life of Christ. Such words were ever upon his lips. Such were his dying thoughts, as indicated in the letter which he dictated to me the Thursday before his death. He said in this letter: "I realize that I am dying of starvation, and there is no likelihood of relief. I am willing to depart if my work is done, or to remain to serve my Master still longer. It has been the purpose of my life to live as far as I might for others; like my Divine Master to give myself for them, and so far to renew in myself that perfect life. This has been my only preparation for the final change, the only true preparation for that or for life. I want you to preach to the people some day on this text: 'Bearing about in my body the dying of the Lord Jesus.' It has been in my thought the most of my life." These words are very familiar to those who knew Dr. Anderson best. He did not say anything new on his death-bed. He was not a religious sentimentalist. He lived his religion day by day and year by year to the very last. He was a lion-like man. There was about him something of the freedom and the freshness and the force which belonged to an age when the world was younger than it is to-day.

Of Mrs. Anderson, he said:

How shall I express in words that delicate grace which to memory seems almost like the fragrance of the roses which loving hands have scattered on her bier. . . Her face was of singular purity. Her presence was at once a benediction and an in-

spiration. She was always planning and caring for others. She never seemed to have any time for small ambitions.

Dr. A. H. Strong, of the Theological Seminary, followed Mr. Anderson with a tribute to the dead president as a citizen :

We bury to-day the foremost citizen of Rochester. . . His towering figure has long stood among us, a lighthouse in stormy times, a landmark in times of peace. When, thirty-seven years ago I, then a boy, saw him for the first time stride through our streets, I got the impression that he had come to conquer the town. In the vigor of his prime it was difficult to say whether he belonged to Rochester, or Rochester belonged to him. . . If we began to analyze, I think we should say that his greatest strength lay midway between the purely practical and the purely philosophical, on that common ground which we may call applied science. He was not so deeply interested in speculative philosophy or the theory of knowledge as he was in the actual workings of the human mind. Theology as a system did not greatly attract him, but practical ethics did. Abstract jurisprudence seemed to him of less account than the historical evolutions of legal practice. Not the mere details of history or art, but the intermediate region where facts are seen in the light of general principles, it was his delight to explore. The application of science to life was his aim. A few strong points of doctrine, like nails, he sought to hammer in. Not subtle distinctions, not nice criticism, not the

gathering of his material into a systematic whole, and, above all, not the shaping and polishing of it with rhetorical skill, but rather the dogmatic utterance of his personal convictions and the reiteration with tremendous and ever-increasing emphasis of what he believed—this was the secret of his power. Not long-drawn processes of reasoning, but plain statement of fact, with endless illustration drawn from his wide reading, observation of men, and knowledge of affairs—this made him great in his teaching and great in his public influence.

Grand old man! Shall we fail to learn the lesson that he teaches us to-day? The path of duty is the way to glory. . . In other lives his life will produce itself. Another life in another world is to furnish an arena for the powers that only sharpened their tools here. . . Years ago he was presented with the freedom of another city, and now he has gone to enjoy it. For that indomitable spirit there will be some work there—in fact he could not live there without work. And as for the body which we commit to-day to its kindred dust, let us write over it this verse of Robert Browning:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break.
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

Dr. Hill, president of the university, in the closing address said: . .

In the group of impressive and imposing personalities that have appeared among American educators, the figure of Dr. Anderson stands conspicuous. . . His long term of continuous service, extending over thirty-five years, his distinction as the teacher of over a thousand young men in the highest range of classical instruction, his wide influence in the Church and State, his varied knowledge, his freedom from sectarian narrowness, his prevailing power with men, his patriotism and his rare personal qualities, combine to make him a notable personage in the history of higher education. . . His range of knowledge and breadth of intellectual sympathy were unusual. The natural amplitude of his mind, well furnished by a liberal education, was still further expanded by his vocation as an editor. He was called upon to think and to express himself upon a great variety of questions touching ecclesiastical and national life, social progress and moral reform. He brought to his work as a professor the habits of the editor, and introduced into his college a new power of instruction and stimulation by his original conception of the "editorial function" of the teacher. He brought to the halls of learning the atmosphere of the living world, with its current events and contemporary problems, and inspired the students with the spirit of their age. . . He laid great emphasis on the dignity of man. His very religion was practical. He saw man here on the earth, the highest product of creation bearing the image of God, struggling to realize his high destiny. The studies that interested him most were those about man, his nature, his powers, his development,

his history, his institutions, his possibilities, his redemption from evil. . . Others have taught us "to look through nature up to nature's God," but he has taught us, in the words of a great preacher, "to look through manhood up to manhood's God." . . . The most impressive trait in Dr. Anderson's character as an educator was his perfect loyalty to his convictions, and to a cause that enlisted his whole nature. This was the heroic element in him. He looked with reverence upon that soul of honor, so prominent in himself, whenever found in other men. The fidelity with which he lived for the cause he had espoused was absolute. In most men the interest in education is but an occasional, spasmodic impulse; in him it was a burning, inextinguishable passion of life-long endurance.

This brief biography necessarily presents but an outline of a full and important life; a few salient points only of the character and career of a noble man. No extended analysis can be attempted, but a few closing words may not inappropriately suggest an estimate of the real significance of his life.

As a boy, as a student, as a teacher, as an editor, as an executive officer, as a preacher, he was a force; he cut a broad swath and drew a deep furrow. He was many-sided; but in this characteristic, contrary to the general rule, lay one of the sources of his power. He had so much ability that he could be divided without being diluted. He has been called inconsistent, dogmatic, prejudiced, and narrow; but the same critic, if the truth were spoken, would be

obliged to admit that he was also honest, liberal, candid, and broad. Of few men could so many opposites be truthfully affirmed.

His most extraordinary gifts were exhibited in addresses on special occasions; his widest acquirements in his numerous printed papers on subjects equally varied and profound; his intellectual strength appeared at its best, perhaps, in his class-room; the vivacity and reach of his mind were often brilliantly displayed in casual conversations, in which he would kindle and instruct without effort and almost unconsciously. But the essence of his value to his generation lies in his moral and intellectual soundness, earnestness, and fidelity. It is not as a writer, nor as a scholar, nor as a thinker, nor as an administrator, that he will live, although he was eminent in each of these realms; but he has won his earthly immortality in precisely the sphere he would have chosen—as a Christian man, whose whole being was alive with zeal to elevate his fellows. Not on the campus, nor in the city, will his real monument be seen; to find it the seeker must "look around" in the hearts and lives of men.

> So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

BUST OF DR. ANDERSON IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. p. 204.

The gift of the artist Johnson W. Munday. He afterward became blind, and in this condition modeled and chiseled the full-length statue of Washington Irving.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
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X

A PERSONAL PORTRAITURE

When all have done their utmost, surely he
Hath given the best who gives a character
Erect and constant, which nor any shock
Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea
Of flowing or ebbing fates can stir
From its deep bases in the living rock
Of ancient manhood's sweet security.
And this he gave, serenely far from pride
As baseness, boon with prosperous stars allied,
Part of what nobler seed shall in our loins abide.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

I

THE MAN

ONLY a full length portrait can do justice to Dr. Anderson's personality. While every part of his splendid physique was pervaded by his intense life, yet one must see at one view the whole body in order to apprehend the whole man. Even when he wrapped himself in the academic gown, as he poured forth his passionate argument or his imperative appeal, every fold and wrinkle became instinct with vital energy.

1. Whatever special faculties or qualities he may have possessed, *his manhood* was supreme. In him the whole was much greater than the sum of all the parts. No function, however important, dominated him; he dominated all functions, and regally wore them as fitting and becoming vestments. He was great as a college president—"a prince among presidents, and a president among princes"; he was great as a public speaker and a preacher; along certain lines he was great as a scholar; he was great as an organizer, executive, disciplinarian; doubtless he was qualified to become great as a religious journalist, had he not so soon exchanged the editor's sanctum for the president's cabinet; but he was greatest of all as a Christian man.

I went to Rochester in 1853, the year that Dr. Anderson assumed its presidency. My remembrances have, therefore, as their basis the impressions first made by such a man, at such a time, upon a new-comer who had indeed seen something of the world and of life, but who was wholly unused to the environment of schools and scholars. These impressions were modified variously by the intercourse and experience of subsequent years, but were never completely eliminated nor essentially changed. Dr. Anderson was then past thirty-eight years of age, over six feet in height, straight as the lofty pines of his native Maine, of fine proportions and most noble presence, "The front of Jove himself, an eye like Mars to threaten and command." His students sómewhat stood in awe of him, and never ventured on experiments of familiarity; but they were as proud of him as was Napoleon's bodyguard of their imperial captain.

2. There was a *moral earnestness* about the man that first won your attention and forever retained it. From one angle of vision it might seem to be a self-conscious majesty passing into haughtiness. Yet Dr. Anderson was not exclusive, except as his eager nature, which "scorned delights and lived laborious days," readily repelled those who were apathetic through indolence or who were offended by his serious-mindedness. He was always occupied, usually pre-occupied; he was "clad with zeal as a cloak," and wore an air of such strenuous and

urgent business that the idler and the easy-going were not likely to intrude upon him. But his earnestness was indeed sublime. It was exacting to the last degree upon himself and upon others. It tolerated no delays, dallied with no dissuasives, capitulated to no obstacles. It was eager, exigent, imperative. When he exhorted us "to bring something to pass," or held before us in radiant brightness "the immense and infinite somewhat which lured the soul of Cicero," or laid upon us the command to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," it was as if some austere and anointed prophet was bringing to us the behest of the Almighty, enforced by the obligatory example of his own consuming fervor. A disciplined earnestness, force harnessed to right method, at once dynamic and directive, exhibiting in itself what it inspired and demanded in others; this is certainly central in an energetic and effective life, and no one could doubt its regnant presence in Dr. Anderson's manhood.

3. It might be questioned, perhaps, whether such a powerful and almost tyrannical quality would not wholly exclude that genuine *sympathy* without which no one can hope to influence his fellow-men for good. Dr. Anderson had the sympathy that belongs to all strong characters, which shows itself in appreciation of honest effort and in the demand for such effort. He never coddled anybody, nor apologized for failures, nor accepted excuses for neglect

of duty, nor tolerated the sham and the shirk. And yet he had wonderful consideration for those who were really struggling with difficulties and against powerful odds. Sympathy is not soft and flabby. Sympathy is a community of feeling growing out of a community of experience. It is a heroic quality, and is provocative of heroism. It does not ask that he upon whom it bestows its grace shall be excused from perilous and exacting service; but it rather demands that he shall be thrust into such service, loaded with obligations, confronted with high opportunities and solemn responsibilities, as only thus can be achieved a worthy character and a worthy destiny; and then it takes delight in inciting him, upholding him, aiding him, while he works out his career. Such sympathy Dr. Anderson had in abundance, and it helped to the making of many men. His insight into motives was as keen as that of a detective, and as impartial as that of a judge. His diagnosis approached infallibility, and he could dissect to the bone; but his touch had all the tenderness and all the firmness of a true surgeon who is intent on saving life. His ambition for men was limited only by the possibilities of their attainment. He insisted that they should be all that they could become, and he was ever ready to give himself to the realization of this end. Such was his conception of a manly and effective sympathy, and such was his embodiment of it in practice. Socrates—according to Plato—was fond of representing him-

self as following the profession of his mother in the practice of midwifery, when he was helping to the birth of new ideas, the uplifting convictions, the moral purposes, which he had awakened to life in the mind of the youth of Athens. Dr. Anderson was an expert in such spiritual enfranchisement. If he had not to the full the matchless skill of Socrates, he had what was vastly more than a compensation for it, and what the great Athenian had not, the wise sympathy, the hopeful aspiration, the fraternal or fatherly interest of a transparent Christian man.

4. Dr. Anderson was *not a genial man*, as the term is usually understood, and had not the winsome ways of spontaneous cheerfulness. He was courteous, polite, unselfish, friendly, sympathetic, helpful, sometimes almost gay, with a dignified and somewhat awkward gayety; but he was inclined to be introspective and despondent. In persons of high ideals, whose knowledge of the world makes them indignant at its ignoble aims and contented indolence, this is probably not an uncommon experience. But special influences were at work in Dr. Anderson's case. He had no children, and he died without kindred. The earlier students at Rochester will remember his venerable father. Between the two there was a peculiar affection; and when the father passed away there was left "neither kith nor kin" for the son. There was in him the strong family pride of the best New England character,

and it would have been his joy could he have established and adorned a historic house. It was a corresponding grief to him that he must mark the extinction of his own line. It was a glorious ending, but still it was an ending. There was hence with Dr. Anderson an element of pathos in his affection for his students. They were his "genuine sons," as Paul was wont to call Timothy and Titus—born of his brain and heart. He expected them to be his successors, constitute his household, perpetuate his name, and let the world know that he had lived. He could have exulted as David exulted, when God spoke to him "concerning his house for a great while to come," had such a message come also to himself; but it did try him greatly, as he painfully confessed, that "upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, and put a barren sceptre in my gripe—no son of mine succeeding." And yet he was not rebellious. He loved God, and yielded to God, and served God loyally and joyfully with the utmost service of his life. No man of our time could more rightfully appropriate Milton's lofty and serene avowal:

> Yet I argue not
> Against heaven's hand and will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward.

Moreover, Dr. Anderson had literary and oratorical ambitions that were of necessity largely sup-

pressed. The public will learn in the volumes forming the companions of this that he left behind him papers and addresses quite worthy of the man and of his position. But his occasions of public utterance were incidental, infrequent, miscellaneous, spasmodic. He delighted in a real occasion, fitted to his powers and to his conception of the seriousness of life, when his audience also was appreciative and responsive. But by the Divine appointment, as he solemnly felt it to be, his duties lay in other directions. He was consecrated to the founding of a college, and to him came the incessant drudgery of working underground and out of sight. As he said one day: "My bones are being ground up to make cement for these hidden foundation walls, on which others may build, but which all men will forget to examine." Doubtless his fame is surer than he sometimes thought, as his service for God and man was greater; but it is not difficult to understand that he should at least occasionally chafe in his chains and long to be free. In commencement week, a year or two ago, I was in Rochester, and one evening found me in a street car, alone except for a couple of students of the current period, for whom the great president's name was already a tradition. They had evidently just come from some place where he had been warmly eulogized, and were quite spontaneous and free in their conversation, not aware that an interested listener was overhearing their words. "Is it

true," asked one, "that he was such a wonderful man as they make out?" "Well," replied the other, "they think he was very industrious and successful in begging money for them." Comment would blunt the point of this testimony. I felt grateful that he was well beyond such estimates now, though he had most likely often heard them, to the sore wounding of his aspiring and unselfish heart. And yet it must not be forgotten that no man is a safe judge of his own sacrifices. God will take care of that, if our lives are wholly given to him. Here is Goethe's definition of predestination: "God is mightier and wiser than we are, and so he does with us as he pleases." The two adjectives are indissoluble, and therefore this truth is divinely restful and joyful.

5. Perhaps greater than all these qualities of his manhood, and irradiating them all, was Dr. Anderson's *true simplicity*. In the best sense of the word, his was a manly humility. But humility is not abjectness, as simplicity must not be confounded with puerility. Childlikeness and childishness are words closely allied etymologically, but they have become appropriated to widely different conceptions. Dr. Anderson worshiped Jesus Christ with his whole being. His intellect gladly rested where his heart joyfully adored. Hence the peace of God kept in unanxious safety his heart and mind. Hence also he loved what Jesus Christ loved—truth and holiness and spiritual simplicity, all

things pure and venerable and lovely and of good report. Mr. Gladstone tells us that Lord Melbourne—Queen Victoria's first prime minister—was seen coming from church one day "in a mighty fume," because, forsooth, as he vehemently complained, "the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life." Such preaching was Dr. Anderson's delight, and this was a revelation of his simple, manly, spiritual character. He wanted no philosophical essays, no discussions of political economy in the pulpit, though he had keen enjoyment of such matters in their proper place. He loved the gospel, and believed it to be the power of God unto salvation—the cure of all human ills, the only way to the realization of all human aspirations and highest possibilities. One day in a very solemn service of prayer, he said to us: "Young gentlemen, you can never introduce others to Jesus Christ, unless you yourselves are personally acquainted with him." He was acquainted with Christ, and could, like Andrew with "his own brother Simon," usher others into the august and loving presence.

6. Surely these were qualities that go to the making of *a man*. Each quality was of heroic proportions, and all were harmonized in a still more heroic personality. My sketch may, perchance, seem very vague to those who never saw the regal bearing nor felt the commanding influence of this prince in Israel. But those who really knew him

in his prime will easily revive the features physical, intellectual, spiritual, which were then indelibly imprinted in the memory and the affections. Ought not the study of such a manhood and such a career to do something toward reproducing them? Consider his lofty purposes, his untiring fidelity, his devotion to duty, his noble seriousness, his transparent sincerity, his flaming zeal, his conscious and unreserved consecration to God and truth and humanity. Measure his achievement by the difficulties that hindered it. His life must prove increasingly fruitful, as are the righteousness and love which formed its basis and molded its superstructure.

Consider now the significance of such a man in contrast to the miserable conceptions of manhood that so widely prevail. "On earth there is nothing great but man," was the motto of Sir William Hamilton's class-room. How profoundly true it is, and how persistently forgotten! But etymology, the original instinct and self-evidence of speech, confirms this and delivers us from the all-devouring materialism of science, assuring us that the word "man" is vitally akin to the word "mind," and means "to think." *Man the thinker;* would that he vindicated his name! The man of whom we are now thinking did vindicate it.

Dr. Anderson had in him the making of a statesman and the making of a captain, had circumstances favored and duty demanded. He could have persuaded listening senates and he could have

set battalions in the field. In these qualities he was like Paul, whom also he resembled in many attributes. His grasp of general principles and his eagerness for prompt and effective and comprehensive action are additional witnesses. Life was for him a warfare, and he sought, with what success the day of final review shall declare, to please Him who had called him to be a soldier and to lead others in his train.

I think the immortal servants of mankind,
  Who from their graves watch by how slow degrees
  The World-Soul greatens with the centuries,
Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind,—
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
  The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
  The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meaning blind.

O prophets, martyrs, saviours, ye were great!
  All truth being great to you; ye deemed Man more
    Than a dull jest, God's *ennui* to amuse:
  The world, for you, held purport: Life ye wore
Proudly, as kings their solemn robes of State;
    And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use.

LEMUEL MOSS.

WOODBURY, N. J.

II

AS A SCHOLAR

TO indicate in a satisfactory way the place which a man occupies as a scholar is difficult, because every one has his own idea of what a scholar is, and also because there are various types of scholarship itself. The character of one's scholarship may, for example, be determined with reference to the breadth of his intellectual attainments, the extent of truth which he has brought within his possession. In this sense there is an intensive scholarship, microscopic, fine, and acute, which limits its field of investigation and seeks to make an exhaustive analysis of a narrow range of truth. There is also an extensive scholarship, telescopic, wide, and comprehensive, which seeks to bring within its range the broadest domain of fact and principle.

The character of one's scholarship may again be viewed with reference to one's attitude toward truth in its entirety, the whole world of mind and matter. In this sense there may be an exclusive scholarship, special, partial, often narrow and biased, in which one's sympathy with truth as such is limited by a specialty, hampered by a system, or

subservient to a sect. There is, on the other hand, a liberal scholarship, impartial, unbiased, confined by no specialty, restricted by no system, and narrowed by no sect, but which is hospitable to truth wherever found.

Moreover, the type of one's scholarship may be indicated by its aims, the purposes for which it is acquired and used. And so there may be a selfish scholarship, egoistic, cynical, mercenary, which acquires knowledge simply for the pleasure, or ornament, or reputation, or reward which it may afford. But there is also a philanthropic scholarship, altruistic, benevolent, and beneficent, which employs its resources for the good of others, which sees in truth a power capable of purifying and uplifting the world.

In performing the duty which has been assigned to me of drawing a sketch of President Anderson as a scholar, I shall attempt to do hardly more than to illustrate, in a brief way, how extensive his scholarship was in its scope, how liberal it was in its spirit, and how philanthropic it was in its purpose.

1. It has been said that "the scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of his time, all the contributions of the past, and all the hopes of the future. He must be an university of knowledges." It would not seem an exaggeration to say that to very few men of our country, and perhaps of our period, could this description be applied with more fitness than to President Anderson.

Whatever qualifications his critics might be inclined to make as to the accuracy and minuteness of his knowledge in certain specific branches, no one who ever knew him could fail to be struck with the surprising breadth of his intellectual horizon, and the vast variety of subjects which came within his mental vision.

In no proper sense was he a specialist. His mind was in no sense microscopic, seeking to confine its attention to a narrow range of facts, and taking delight in that kind of truth which approaches the infinitely small. He was rather a *generalist*. His mind was telescopic, embracing the earth and the heavens in its sweep, and strongly impressed with those facts and truths which bring one nearer to the infinitely great.

He had a passion for intellectual accumulation. No miser was ever more fond of hoarding up golden riches than he seemed to be of gathering up the valuable treasures of truth. Knowledge was to him wealth. He gathered it in heaps. For its attainment no toil was too laborious, no suffering too painful. With an untiring industry, with a vigorous activity, he ploughed over innumerable fields that he might throw up some fresh nugget; he often delved in dark and remote places that he might find some rare treasure; he blazed his way through dense forests that he might find some new path to the light. And in the success which attended his labors he felt to the full extent the de-

light incident to discovery. From his earliest boyhood to his latest manhood he never lost this taste for acquisition. In books, in nature, in human life, in his own consciousness, he sought eagerly for what was valuable to know. If a scholar is one who is imbued and permeated with a love of learning, he was certainly a scholar in a pre-eminent degree.

The extent and variety of his attainments cannot be described and can hardly be indicated in a few pages. If his students of successive generations could compare their "notes," they would form some idea of the wide range of studies which he had pursued for their benefit. They would find lectures upon English language and literature, treated in both a historical and a critical way; lectures upon rhetoric and oratory, setting forth the fundamental laws of expression and persuasion; lectures upon comparative grammar, delivered when this science was almost in its infancy; lectures upon scientific method, illustrating the genesis of scientific ideas and the significance and relation of the different sciences; lectures upon intellectual philosophy, which enforced the reality of human knowledge in opposition to idealism and sensationalism, and which drew illustrative material from the whole field of speculative thought from Plato to Herbert Spencer; lectures upon moral philosophy, which were freighted with arguments drawn from the constitution of nature and of man, and enforcing the

universality and the imperative obligations of the moral law; lectures upon general history, which comprised the growth of European civilization from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present time, and which showed a wide acquaintance with the standard historians of every country and with many original authorities; lectures upon constitutional law, which were filled with comparative illustrations drawn from the constitutions of the United States, England, and other modern countries; lectures upon political economy, which were based not only upon a wide knowledge of economical literature, but upon an extensive observation of actual phenomena in the industrial world, as well as personal conversations with business-men; lectures upon jurisprudence, which showed, for a layman, an unusual degree of familiarity with the fundamental doctrines of the civil, the common, and the canon law; lectures upon art-criticism and the history of the fine arts, which included discussions upon architecture, sculpture, painting, and engraving, and which not only contained a large amount of descriptive and critical material, but also revealed a considerable acquaintance with the mechanical processes employed in art-production—besides many other lectures of a more miscellaneous character, all of which were studded with illustrations such as can proceed only from a richly furnished mind.

If his students should care to confer with the

members of a literary club of which he was a founder and to which he was a zealous contributor, they would find that the idea which they had formed of his attainments, based upon the lectures that they had heard, was far from being complete. They would be referred to elaborate and learned essays which he had prepared and read, and of which they had perhaps never heard, essays upon the ethnology of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France; the origin and dispersion of the Celtic races; the trial by jury; serfdom; objections urged against the unity of the human race; Spanish versions of the Old and the New Testament; the uses and ends of comparative philology; Bishop Berkeley; Arabian metaphysics; personal explorations in Etruria; Anglo-Saxon institutions; the catacombs; tenure of land in England; relation between morality and the positive law; pauperism; the Roman *coloni;* the currency as influenced by legislation; the growth and decline of slavery; the political life of the English people—and other essays of a similar nature. The mere enumeration of these topics is sufficient to suggest at least the breadth of his knowledge and the diversity of his intellectual attainments. Literature, art, philosophy, mathematics, natural science, ethnology, history, politics, economics, jurisprudence—all seemed to him familiar fields.

But to many persons such an array of subjects might suggest superficiality and ostentation. To

one, however, who was conversant with the methods and results of his study, such a disparaging view would be far from just. His knowledge was not only broad, it was also deep—if depth of knowledge is to be judged by an acquaintance with principles. To every fact he put the question, "What does it signify?" With Lord Lytton he believed that "a principle is worth a thousand facts." Facts merely as such he regarded of small account. What might seem to some a lack of care and accuracy in specific statements was often due to the little importance which he attached to details which he conceived to be irrelevant. It was just because his knowledge was not superficial, but related to the roots of things, that he sometimes seemed to ignore what lay upon the surface and was patent to all. The use of the comparative and historical methods, which he was fond of employing, caused him to seek for the relations of co-existence and sequence in all the phenomena which he studied. His method of investigation was synthetic rather than analytic. He was fond of grouping rather than dissecting. He was impatient of fine distinctions. When he was obliged to distinguish he did it with a cleaver and not with a scalpel. What he sought was not to find out into how many minute parts nature could be divided, but to discover the analogies and harmonies which are impressed upon the world and which evince intelligence and benevolence in the order of things.

A characteristic feature of his knowledge which seemed most striking and strange to many, was the lack of arrangement and system with which it was stored up in his mind. And this often gave the impression of incoherence and the absence of organization. His mind was not like a physician's chest, in which every material is put into its appropriate vial and marked with its appropriate label and set in its appropriate place. His mind was rather like the hold of a ship, which to the passenger seems to contain a vast and dark medley of merchandise, but which to the master is a convenient receptacle of well-invoiced goods capable of delivery at any port. He had no taste for formal classification, no love for the mechanics of logic. This gave to his knowledge an encyclopædic cast. But it would be a mistake to suppose that his knowledge was merely a great collection of unrelated fragments. Every part had impressed upon it a special and appropriate significance, and was related to every other part, not by any formal scheme which he had himself constructed, but by those essential principles which he believed to run through and harmonize the worlds of matter and mind. From his point of view we should leave facts as they exist in nature, and not disturb them by any artificial arrangement of our own, but should strive to perceive in them as they actually exist those intelligible relations which show them to be the products of a universal Will and subject to universal laws.

2. Men sometimes think that they love truth, when it is only a part of the truth that they love. If a man is a specialist he likes the taste of the waters which bubble at his own spring; but all other waters are unpalatable. If he is a systematizer he eagerly appropriates those facts which fit into his own artificial scheme; but for all other facts he has no use. If he is a sectarian he worships the truth which has been crowded into his own creed; but against the truth of other creeds he turns his back. It was because President Anderson was not a specialist, nor a systematizer, nor a sectarian, that he was liberal in the best sense of that much-abused word. In his view every specialty and every system and every creed has in it something of truth; but no one contains it all. The very taste which he had for universal knowledge made him hospitable to truth in its various forms.

The liberal attitude of his mind is specifically evident from the high vantage-ground from which he surveyed things and truths apparently antipodal, and the reconciliation which he tried to effect between points of view or systems often regarded as diverse or even contradictory. For example, he deplored the distinction which is often maintained between men of thought and men of action. He appealed to scholars to bring themselves into contact with the realities of the world; and he enforced upon business men their indebtedness to the labors performed by men of science. From the de-

pendence of capital for its growth and maintenance upon just ideas of government and legislation, and from the great dependence of scholars for their livelihood and success upon the contributions of wealth, he argued "the necessity of an alliance close and intimate between the men of capital and the men of ideas."

So again, in the opposition between conservatives and radicals, he did not belong unqualifiedly to the one or to the other class. He did not show the folly of the over-cautious bigot who would resist the incoming of the future, nor the folly of the dreaming enthusiast who would let go his hold upon the solid achievements of the past. He possessed the true historic spirit which recognizes the close relation between the past, the present, and the future. He believed in the continuity of progress, the organic evolution of the race. He greeted the new, while he respected the old. Even decayed beliefs should not be ruthlessly shattered like barnacles which cling to the sides of a vessel and serve only to impede its progress; they should rather be gently shed like the leaves of autumn which have sustained life for a season and are still beautiful in their fall.

And also in the struggle which was waged between classical and scientific learning, he maintained the cause of both. He was among the foremost to welcome the admission of scientific studies into the curriculum of a university. But when an

assault was made upon the "classics" he stoutly resisted the encroachment, claiming that it was "no hoary prejudice which induced the scholars of Christendom with such unanimity to select the languages of Greece and Rome as the basis of the philological portion of a liberal education." Each has its place and each must be defended and maintained.

In regard to the sciences themselves, he had an equal appreciation of those which deal with mind and those which deal with matter. He sided neither with the materialist who ignores the reality of the individual mind and the cosmic intelligence, nor with the idealist who shuts out from his thought the whole visible and tangible universe. "Mind and its laws," he said, "form the science of metaphysics; matter and its laws the science of physics. Though these branches of inquiry are distinct in their immediate nature, they nevertheless touch each other in numberless points, and a knowledge of both is necessary to the full comprehension of either."

Moreover, in the conflict assumed to exist between science and religion he took the side of neither, but emphasized the inestimable importance of both. He deplored the view that there is anything in true science which is hostile to religion, as well as the view that there is anything in true religion which is hostile to science. The obligation to live righteously which religion imposes, is entirely consistent with the obligation to think rightly which science im-

poses. The God of the Scriptures is also the God of nature. A correct interpretation of the doctrine of creation, which regards the universe as the intelligent product of an infinite Will, is not at variance with a correct interpretation of the doctrine of evolution, which seeks to formulate the laws in accordance with which that infinite and intelligent Will proceeds in the processes of creative action.

And finally in the domain of religion itself, he sought for harmony and not for hostility. The idiosyncrasies of denominations and sects he believed to be necessary for the full freedom of men in their search after God, and in their efforts to do his will. He never, so far as I am aware, spoke with disrespect of any religious sect or order, Protestant or Catholic, Christian or pagan. He was, in the words of Lowell,

> Reverent of whatever shrine
> Guards piety and solace for my kind,
> Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God.

If there was any limit to his liberality, it was with reference to the one who is indifferent to all positive knowledge, and to the one who claims to know it all. With his great acquirements, he himself preserved an intellectual humility. He well knew how far removed are the limits of knowledge from infinite truth. He did not sympathize with the monist who claims to hold God and the universe in one hand. He believed that all truth is one

and co-ordinated in the mind of the Creator, even though its unity may not be fully perceived by the mind of man. Men should receive and hold with confidence whatever of truth it is given them to know ; but they should be humble in the presence of the Most High and the "insoluble problems" of the universe. To have a "theory of one's ignorance" is quite as important as to have a theory of one's knowledge. He believed in the inherent powers of the human mind to know certain forms of ultimate truth. But he also believed in the necessary limitations of the mind, which preclude the possibility of human omniscience. He had no affection for the agnostic who would enshroud truth with a garb of uncertainty. On the other hand, he had little sympathy with the dogmatist who would brazenly assume the high prerogative of "looking over the shoulders of the Almighty."

3. Scholarship, on the one side, is related to nature and truth ; on the other side, it is related to the world and human life. That a man cannot be a scholar and at the same time be aroused by the enthusiasm of humanity, involves a mistaken conception of scholarship. "The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar," is an aphorism attributed to Confucius. The philanthropic purpose which inspired the scholarship of President Anderson was perhaps its most conspicuous feature. While it was unquestionably broad and liberal, it was by way of eminence practi-

cal and beneficent. He thoroughly believed in the value and power of truth; and he was most impressed with those truths which have the directest bearing upon the enlightenment and improvement of mankind. He looked with lofty disdain upon intellectual dilettanteism. He severely characterized the secluded scholar as one "who peeps out from his loophole of retreat, finding the pleasure of his life and the end of his being in the accumulation of mental wealth which he never makes available for any good purpose beyond his own enjoyment." His own creed, which he believed should govern the scholar's life, he expressed in these weighty words: "The highest aims of a moral being under the government of God must be external to himself. His highest law of action is to make all personal improvement and gratification subordinate to the good of those with whom he stands in relation." This high ideal of the scholar's vocation seemed to inspire his life's work.

Even the knowledge which he acquired seemed to have a kind of practical rather than a mere theoretical cast. The purpose which he evidently had in view in accumulating his vast stores of information, was not so much to make any real contributions to science as to widen and enrich his own views of the world and of human life, and so to make them instruments of personal power and of social improvement. He gathered in order to give. This conviction of the ethical value of truth and

the philanthropic ends to which it could be put, seemed to grow upon him and to deepen with advancing years. One who studies his writings in chronological order will, I think, see a gradual tendency away from purely scientific studies in the direction of those which bear upon the settlement of great moral questions, and the solution of problems which affect the well-being of society. He began his scholarly career with studies upon literary criticism and comparative philology. He closed it with studies upon the ethical bases of government, law, and economics, and with specific investigations into the condition of the defective and delinquent classes, and the causes and relief of pauperism.

Not only the knowledge which he acquired but the mental ability which he developed was evidently that which is most effective in accomplishing an ethical purpose. To him one of the supreme ends of scholarship was the development of the capacity for leadership. To influence, to guide, and to control men was to him one of the great functions of the scholar. Truth to be influential must be embodied in a person. He was the impersonation of influential thought. Few men have occupied an equally high position as a general counsellor to those with whom they have been related. He was constantly sought after for advice, and he was constantly giving advice. He was forever looking for the one who was in the need of intellectual help, and the one who was in the need of

such help spontaneously looked to him. "To inquire and to answer inquiries," says Dr. Johnson, "is the business of a scholar." To such business President Anderson was devoted, and for it he possessed a remarkable adaptability.

He also possessed in a high degree the power of persuasion. Some men, it is true, distrusted him. But the great mass of men believed in him, and were moved by him. This power was often regarded as a kind of inspiration. It is true that he often moved men by inspiring them. But his persuasive force was primarily based upon his capacity to create intellectual convictions. This was not necessarily accomplished by a finely wrought chain of syllogistic argument. It was more usually accomplished by setting forth a great truth in its bald outlines, so that no one could mistake its significance. The most fundamental truths cannot be proved; and it was with such truths that he most often dealt. He appealed to the intellectual instincts of men, to the common, universal sense. He believed that if the truth was properly lifted up it would draw all men unto it. Whether as teacher in the class-room, or orator on the platform, the thousands of illustrations which he used were employed more as lamps to illumine than as arguments to prove. With his deep faith in the receptivity of the human mind and its essential adaptation to know truth, he persuaded men.

The final purpose of all his attainments and all

his abilities as a scholar was to serve his fellows, and in fulfilling this purpose he became a center of enlightenment and a source of benefaction. "The criterion of a scholar's utility," says Coleridge, "is the number and value of the truths which he has circulated and the minds he has awakened." Judged by this standard, few men have so fully accomplished the life-work which belongs to the true scholar as did President Anderson.

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III

HIS PERSONAL RELATIONS WITH YOUNG MEN.

TRUTH regnant in life is the mightiest power in the history of man. The power to make truth live in the lives of others is the teacher's royal endowment. The gift of thus evoking mental and moral power is the mark of the true teacher. This pre-eminent gift of the teacher was the strongest trait in Dr. Anderson's strong personality. He saw clearly and felt intensely that the object of education is to call into action new power, and to render this power effective for good.

Himself a man of rare power, recognizing power in others, strenuous in his demand that all personal power be used for the noblest ends, he felt that no one so truly calls out and perpetuates the noblest powers in others as does the teacher who imparts to young men truth which dominates the life of him who receives it, and through him gives an impulse to others. With Socrates, when his friends urged him to devote himself to affairs of State rather than to teaching, on the ground that great powers such as his would produce greater results in practical politics than in teaching, Dr. Anderson would have answered—*did* answer: "If I wish to turn the

course of a stream, I take it near its sources." He knew the far-reaching influence of his personal relations with young men; and he believed in the power of the truth he taught.

In the history of our American colleges, whenever a strong teacher has emphasized in his teaching, *the will*—not in abstract speculations, but with a living interest in history, law, politics, and social reform, there immense power has been developed. Strengthened at the very center of being, young men have become strong indeed. Dr. Anderson was such a teacher, such a fortifier of young manhood at the citadel of personality.

The present was consciously rooted in the past for him. The spirit of history, the historic method, characterized all his teaching. But the past was of value to us in his class-room only that it might enlighten us in the present, and incite and guide us in the future. While his courses in history and political economy were of real value on every account, their highest value lay in the fact that his familiarity with these subjects gave definiteness to his views of the citizen's duty to the State, to society, in the present. His interest in the theory and the history of law—of public law, especially—gave to his students confidence in his leadership as they studied questions of politics and reform.

But all his teaching was, above all else, ethical. If you sat in his lecture-room for a term, you felt that *you* personally were in living relations with the

past, and by all that the past had done for you, you were under sacred obligation to develop to the full all your powers, to use all your opportunities, in the effort to make better the present and the future—to serve the men of your generation fearlessly, unselfishly, unceasingly. This was the conviction that came upon every student who heard senior lectures from Dr. Anderson. Sometimes this high calling flashed upon the vision, sudden and compelling, like that blow from the sword in the hand of an older knight, which, falling on the shoulder of the boyish squire, made him thenceforth forever one dedicate to highest, most unselfish service. With students of a different temperament, the marshalling of facts and arguments which show the reign of law, physical, moral, and social, as the work of the year went on became an irresistible force; and there came upon them gradually, with growing clearness, with binding yet inspiring power, a conviction which changed the aspect of life for men who had entered upon the work of the year selfish and careless. Conscious of new powers under this vivifying teaching, they recognized new obligations. The teaching claimed the surrender of petty, selfish aims, and called for the acceptance of the highest standards, intellectual and spiritual. Of the men who completed a year's work with Dr. Anderson, few were those who were not ready to say reverently to duty: "In the light of truth thy bondsman let me be."

In his loving and intelligent efforts to secure by his teaching these results, Dr. Anderson studied and respected the personality of the men with whom he came into close personal relations. He understood the importance of a young man's life to himself.

The wise man does not sneer at the over-weening interest which every young person feels in his own life—at the intense importance to himself of all his thoughts and feelings and experience. Rather does the wise and sympathetic older man see in this God's provision for setting every young man at the task of discovering his own powers and how best to use them. The most important duty which confronts a young man at the threshold of "active life," is to find out what he *can* do, and what he *ought* to do; and then to form and hold the purpose, the firm will, steadily, courageously, and patiently *to do it*, without caring over-much for praise or blame.

Was there ever a teacher whose intercourse with students was so free from every form of flattery,—who so often compelled a student to revise at the behest of modesty his own estimate of his own powers,—who was still so helpful in bringing a young man to the consciousness of "the best there was in him," and giving him confidence and hope that he could express this "best" and bring it to full fruitage in his life? Dr. Anderson had the art of setting young men on a career and of getting

older men to work at the thing they were best fitted to do.

He knew well the men in college, their individual capacities and powers. Perhaps his was not always the finest, most sympathetic insight. A rare gift in a retiring student others might be quicker than he to discern. There was not in him that excess of sympathy with a morbid personality which in a teacher sometimes saves a recluse student from despair or helps to reveal his own unconscious powers to the young artist, but oftener tends to weaken the character and destroy the will-power of those to whom it offers its enervating companionship. But Dr. Anderson made a careful study of the personality of every man whom he taught. And his estimate of the foot-pounds of working force in his man was very close to the facts; and his judgment as to the lines of effort and the point of application for this force which would insure from it the best results, was almost unerring. His advice as to these matters was always to be had if it was desired, and was of greatest value.

His power in this direction was not limited to the undergraduate days of those in whom he was interested; nor was his influence confined to college students.

"I call Martin B. Anderson the great American suggester," said the late George P. Marsh to me at Rome, in 1879. "There is no man of my acquaintance who has set so many men upon a useful and

honorable career as has he. I should never have published anything upon the English language, if it had not been for Dr. Anderson," he continued. "I had written and delivered a few lectures with great hesitation and genuine modesty. He fell in with me just after I had delivered them, and insisted that I ought to make a book of them. I scouted the idea. He wrote me a letter to enforce his view; and a few days later we happened to take the same train for a ride of some hours, and he gave me no peace until I had promised him that I would put the lectures into book form. He followed me with helpful letters until I had done it; and it was in this way that I became an author. Had it not been for Dr. Anderson's friendly advice and reiterated insistence, I do not think that I should ever have published anything upon the English language or literature." The influence of the books of our scholarly minister to Italy in awakening that fresh interest in the study of English at our colleges and universities which has marked the last twenty years, links itself with this characteristic act of Dr. Anderson.

"While I had charge of the party of Indian warriors, prisoners at the old seaside fort in Florida, before the United States had any policy of Indian education," says Capt. R. H. Pratt, Superintendent of the U. S. Industrial and Training School for Indians at Carlisle, Pa., the institution after which all our better Indian training schools are mod-

eled, "as I was pacing the parade ground one afternoon, disheartened at the hopeless outlook for my savage prisoners and their children, there suddenly approached me a man over six feet high, with a full beard and a head like one of the old Greek philosophers. He began to ask me questions about these Indian prisoners, their history, their past habits of life, their daily routine of prison life, their mental and moral characteristics, and the effect upon their minds and bodies of this monotonous prison life, etc., etc. For an hour he asked me a steady stream of questions, letting me do nothing but answer. Then suddenly he turned on his heel and left, without so much as telling me his name. 'You're a Yankee, I know by the way you ask questions,' I said to myself. The next day at the same hour the same thing happened again. That night I had to lie awake thinking of his questions, they seemed to fit the case so closely; the third day, accompanied by his wife, he came with a pair of horses to invite us to drive; and introducing himself as the President of Rochester University, in a drive of two hours he outlined many features of the system of training and education which we have followed at Carlisle. That drive was really the beginning of a comprehensive view for me of systematic work in the effort to elevate and civilize Indians." [1]

Illustrative of this same far-seeing power of sug-

[1] I quote Captain Pratt from memory, and "for substance."

gestion, this gift and habit of encouraging his friends, young men and older men, to undertake the work for which they were best fitted, is the influence of Dr. Anderson in developing, from papers read or discussions held in the "Pundit Club," of Rochester, important lines of scientific investigation and valuable treatises. Is it too much to say that the works of the late Lewis Morgan,—"The American Beaver," "Degrees of Consanguinity," etc., —so important in their bearing upon biological and ethnological science and so well known the world over from their influence upon the development of the theory of evolution—would not have been written except for the discerning praise with which Dr. Anderson welcomed and discussed the germinal essays, read before the Pundit Club, which were afterward developed and expanded, under his constant incitation and critical encouragement, into these books, epoch-making in the history of American science?

The cases where the encouragement and the friendly pressure of Dr. Anderson led men who were formerly his students to begin and successfully to prosecute their most important undertakings, are so numerous that to select any as examples would seem unfair to the many of equal importance which must be omitted. To meet him, or to receive a letter from him, always meant to a former student a friendly challenge, a stimulating demand, a touch of the teacher's authority adding piquancy to the friendly question what you

were accomplishing, what call to higher achievement you had heard, what plan for richer and more fruitful living you had formed, or he could help you to form. Not merely a wisely suggestive friend, but the incarnation of that conscience which demands of every man later in life the best which his youthful ideals showed him as possible to be achieved or striven for, was this beloved and venerated instructor, as his bluff, friendly greeting fell upon the ear of the man who ten or twenty years before had left his class-room. The man who had grown inert, who had lost moral tone and will power, or had given up the systematic prosecution of the intellectual life, felt himself arraigned by the look of those eyes that expected much of him, and was often recalled to himself, and incited to a higher life by the counselling voice that had rung in his ears in the most inspiring calls to duty when he was "on the heights" of a noble young manhood, and looked forward on life in that light "which is the master-light of all our seeing."

But when illness, severe and prolonged, had interfered with the prosecution of one's lifework, whether as an undergraduate or in later years, no friend could be more sympathetic and encouraging. More than once in his own life, Dr. Anderson had known the fettering effects of poor health. And many an earnest student whose work was interrupted by sickness, or painfully limited by chronic poor health, has had occasion in college and in later

life, to remember with gratitude the encouragement received from Dr. Anderson in personal interviews, and the calm fervor with which he used to maintain that "much of the world's very best work is done, and has always been done, by men of feeble health, but of strong sense of duty and prevailing power of will." He gave as fine an emphasis to this truth as does Sidney Lanier in that passage in "The English Novel" where he criticises Walt Whitman's animalism and blind worship of physical strength, apostrophizing the "democrat who is to write and read the poetry of the future"; who "may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall play ball with the earth; and albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's, he shall still be taller than the great redwoods of California—his height shall be the height of great resolution and love and faith and beauty and knowledge and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars."

Others have spoken of his "chapel talks" upon themes of current public interest, and of his power to inspire students by appeals in public addresses which enforced his own standards of approval and disapproval with irresistible force. Perhaps his personal interviews with men, one by one, were still more potent in shaping the life of the men who owe most to his influence. The readiness with which he gave time and thought to the consideration of the problems that embarrassed a

student, often himself seeking an interview in the purest friendliness, and because he had reason to suppose that the student was harassed by some perplexity in the management of his affairs, or in his intellectual and moral life, was perpetual evidence of his interest in young men one by one, and of his great goodness of heart. The insight which was shown in these interviews, the tonic and bracing sympathy given, with its remarkable mingling of intellectual companionship with intellectual and moral leadership and authority, made these personal interviews a strong, a lifelong influence for good.

In his insistence upon the absolute worth of all good work done, and the inevitable blessing attendant upon doing honest work, he was as thunderously strong, as reassuringly vehement as Carlyle. He demanded steadily that each day see such work done by every student. His high appreciation of the cumulative value of those "infinitesimal accretions" of learning and of mental power which each day of honest work brings to a man, helped to give to those who studied under his direction a conviction which has been like iron in the blood to many of them, as their working power has been tested, and their faith in good work for its own sake tried in the experience of life.

"Do your work, careless of praise, concerning yourself only to be sure that it is sound work, your appointed work for this day and this year. Do it

faithfully, as 'ever in the great Taskmaster's eye,' yet always confidently and hopefully. Do not be troubled if you get no praise and plenty of blame, provided only the work is good work, and is thoroughly done. Do not be anxious for quickly won appreciation, or for promotion. Make yourself indispensable wherever your work now lies. Soon enough the word will spread, 'there's a man over yonder who is doing his work effectively and well'; and you will be in demand to undertake a larger work by the time you have developed and acquired the strength you will need to do it! Do not be disheartened by your first failures. Make successes of them! What is walking but a succession of falls forward, each one arrested by the advancing foot before it becomes a disaster, and thus changed into progress! That which men call success, what is it but the last one of a series of failures, each conducting toward the desired end—*all* failures, had not this last step been taken, but now, all successes!"

"Strong teaching, but not new," you say. Yet all truth that takes hold on living is practically new to each new generation of young people as they learn how to live. And it is for the lack of a vital faith in precisely such teaching that many of the young men who leave our colleges fail of high and useful living. The massive force of the great teacher whom we remember, gave singular emphasis to this teaching. We knew that he was waiting and

must wait for much of the recognized success that ought to follow such work as his. The peculiarly painful postponement of the giving of much of that working material with which he should have been supplied early in the history of the college, gave a touch of pathos to the grim humor with which he said to an old pupil who was undertaking the presidency of a college: "Remember, they feed college presidents on *wind!*" But his own faith in good work was amply illustrated in his own lifework. And this teaching was so emphatically expressed, was so lived into the life of the institution he guided, that for all who knew him as their college president, such thoughts of the value of work must always carry with them the echo of his voice and the force of his strong personality.

The well-remembered effects of his patriotic spirit and his impassioned, but eminently rational oratory, when New York was awakened to the absolute necessity of war, and of quick, strenuous action, in '61; his manifest interest in all practical questions of statesmanship and reform; his familiarity with the latest phases of scientific thought, a familiarity which, like his learning, was encyclopædic in range rather than exhaustive in any single department; his deep ethical convictions; and above all else the lofty spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, the heart of the gospel of Christ, which gave vital force to all his teaching; all these characteristics, when brought to bear upon a student by a college

president who believed intensely in the value of educating men *one by one*, who was eagerly determined to make the truth tell for good in the life of every student, gave to the personal relations of Dr. Anderson with the young men whom he taught, a determining force, a lasting influence upon life, such as has belonged to few teachers in the history of our colleges, and has been used by no one more conscientiously and unselfishly. The central truth, the life of his teaching—not carelessly reiterated, but bursting out in glowing heat of concentrated eloquence, on those rare occasions when he disclosed to students his heart—was loyalty to the personal Christ, the Divine Saviour in whom dwells all wisdom, who *is* Truth personified, whose service is the fullest freedom.

Merrill E. Gates.

Amherst, Mass.

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IV

AS A FACTOR OF INSPIRATION

"I STILL seem to hear his authoritative but sympathetic voice saying, 'Gates,' and every ounce of power within me immediately responds to the call of duty." These were the words of Merrill E. Gates, LL. D., the honored and successful president of Amherst College, spoken to me a few months ago regarding the influence of Dr. Anderson as a factor of inspiration. Hundreds of men in this country, in the gospel ministry, in the professions of law and medicine, in editorial chairs, and in many walks of business life, respond to the words of Dr. Gates with a fervent "Amen." Dr. Anderson's great thoughts ploughed deep furrows in their souls and his impressive personality left a distinguishing mark upon their intellectual and moral nature. There are young men, some of them not now so young as they would like to be, on whose lives and works may be seen this image and superscription, "Martin B. Anderson, his X mark." We have had few college presidents in the United States whose personality was so impressive, and whose influence was so broad, deep, and wholesome, and will be so permanent. One may

count on the fingers of one hand all the college presidents we have ever had whose influence over students was so powerful and personal. The college president of to-day, as a rule, is chiefly a business man, with more or less capacity to be at the head of a great institution of learning. He may be, he often is, a scholar; he may be, he sometimes is, a teacher. But he must always be a business man, if his work is to be thoroughly successful, at the head of a business interest. Thus it comes to pass that comparatively few of our college presidents are now known as instructors.

Dr. Anderson represented the noblest class of the elect presidents who were, at the same time, great administrators and equally great instructors. His intellectual forces were as exhaustless as his spiritual inspirations were resistless. He was a many-sided man; but on all sides he gave out inspirational power to all who came within his reach. He was a great child of nature, possessing alike nature's harmonies and contradictions; but always possessing nature's instructions and inspirations. It is difficult for any man to make an analysis of such a character as was his; all parts of his nature were formed after unique models. He was tremendous in a sort of feral force as was Jove himself; and on another side of his character he was gentle as a mother. He was at times as rugged as a huge mountain; and at other times his nature lay before

his students as a beautifully undulating plain. At times he was swept by emotions as resistless as cyclones; and at other times his whole soul responded to desires as gentle as zephyrs.

But while it is difficult to analyze such a nature as his, we may discover with some degree of accuracy the elements of his inspirational power. It is easy to see that one important element of that power was his stalwart and symmetrical body. The writer of this paper entered the University of Rochester in the autumn of 1863. At the time of his matriculation Dr. Anderson was in Europe. The day of his return to Rochester was duly heralded, and the morning when he should reappear in the college chapel had been announced to the students. Never shall I forget that morning! Standing among the seats assigned to the freshmen, I watched his stalwart form as he entered the chapel, and walked with his masterful step and imperial port to his place on the platform. Seldom does any young man look upon a finer specimen of manhood than the students saw in Dr. Anderson that morning. Years afterward, in making an address before the alumni in that same chapel, I described in Dr. Anderson's presence this scene witnessed in my freshman days. His face flushed "with rosy light," and his eyes were suffused with tears as the events of that morning were recalled. Students who knew him only in his later days knew nothing of the great

son of Thor who walked up the college aisle that day. He stood then among the students as a peak of Mont Blanc rises in the midst of its snow-crowned attendants; rather he was a Matterhorn rising in lonely grandeur from the plain on which stood men of common mold. He seemed to be the survivor of some heroic age of gods and men.

Dr. Anderson owed much to his ancestors. No man was more ready than he to recognize the potency of heredity and environment in the formation of character. Without permitting them to usurp the place which belongs to the supreme choice of the individual will, he yet rightly estimated them as powerful factors in every man's life and work. Only in the furnace where many elements meet to be blended together in the white heat of trial and discipline, are such grand characters forged and stamped with the image and superscription of God. He was a veritable Jove among men. Men who came into his presence instinctively felt that they had found their master; and to his authority they bowed, not in slavish subserviency, but feeling that they honored their own manhood in recognizing his superiority.

A good body around a great soul is one of the noblest gifts of God. The Bible, properly translated, nowhere speaks of the body as "vile." It everywhere honors, dignifies, and glorifies the body. Ever since the Christ tabernacled in human flesh, the body has been exalted, and to some degree

glorified; he was humanized that we might be divinized. The man who sins against his body sins against his God. Etymologically and religiously, wholeness and holiness stand closely related; so practically, do also weakness and wickedness. A clear mind is the sharp edge of the axe, but a big body is the iron back of the axe which drives it home. Many men are largely indebted for their success in life to their stalwart bodies. It certainly was so with Dr. Anderson; everything about him was gigantic, body and mind, soul and spirit, arms and fists. His arm moved at times like a catapult. His name was in harmony with his body. Names are prophetic oftener than we think. Martin means martial, warlike, belonging to Mars; and in the Gaelic, it is probably from *Morduin*, great chieftain, which is from *Mor*, great, and *duin*, a man. Anderson is MacAndrew, son of Andrew, and Andrew means strong, manly, robust; and perhaps even the name Brewer has at least a suggestion of strength.

But let us not unduly exalt mere physical health and vigor. Many are born with great souls wedded to feeble bodies; and it is wonderful what an amount of work such souls get out of their weak bodies. But our noble president did not suffer, except in his later days, from these disadvantages; he was richly endowed alike in body and mind; he was a majestic man; and he will stride forth through the chambers of our memory, or be enthroned in our hearts forever!

A second factor of inspiration in Dr. Anderson was his naturally vigorous and cultured mind. His intellectual vigor was developed early in his life. He enjoyed the advantage of having a father who possessed much more education than was usual among men in country towns at that day. His father gave his inquiring son his first intellectual stimulus and direction. Even at this early stage in his career young Anderson showed remarkable aptitude for acquiring knowledge. Those who were capable of judging correctly as to the boy's development saw even then that he would one day become a great scholar. In the town in which he lived there was a vigorous debating club which gave inspiration and direction to his reading and thinking. He began at that time the course of varied reading which marked all his subsequent life. He often emphasized the fact, which was so beautifully illustrated in his own mental processes, that time must have its legitimate influence in developing the intellectual life. The deep foundations of his own broad scholarship, whose symmetrical proportions in after life amazed and delighted his friends, were laid in his boyhood in this provincial town in Maine.

His knowledge was so vast and so varied, when he was in the full sweep of his official career, that he was able successfully to teach any part of the college curriculum. He was really a specialist in many departments of scientific and philosophical

culture; and he often astonished even specialists by the breadth and accuracy of his knowledge in their departments. We wish he had left behind him more in the way of books; but the pressing duties of raising money and administering the affairs of the college made it, as he thought, impossible for him to write books. He wrote rather upon the imperishable tablets of human hearts; he molded and controlled the lives of more than one thousand young men who sat at his feet. He came into the position of college president to make men rather than books. The old Hebrew prophet could not raise the dead child by sending his staff to be laid upon the cold form; but his own living body, heart to heart, must touch the dead boy in order to put the breath of life into the cold clay. In like manner did Dr. Anderson put his own great heart and mighty brain into contact with the young men who sat at his feet and learned of him. Whoever calls the roll of great American college presidents, will pronounce the name of Martin B. Anderson, as in many respects *primus inter pares* in this small circle of elect men who have honored our colleges and who have made their own names immortal. This prominence will be his whether we take into account his thirty-five years of service, or the difficulties he met and vanquished, or the fact that he came on the scene in a formative period in the history of American education; and it will be his also whether we have in mind the vigor and inspiration with

which he taught, or the broad fields of thought over which he led his sudents, leaving the track luminous behind him as he advanced to still nobler heights of attainment. He will always have a place in the front ranks of this choice company of American educators. Like the Apostle Paul and the great Napoleon, he was master of details, while at the same time his broad mind took in the vast sweep of thought and effort. In a few hours' conversation one often received from him more inspiration and information than one could get from days spent in a library. No one ever came into contact with him without feeling something of his contempt for meanness, and without experiencing some aspirations for nobleness of character and life. He used to say that he wanted to teach even the more abstruse philosophies and sciences so that the students would leave his class-room "red in the face with excitement"; and many did so leave his room. They there received an impulse whose power they yet feel; they are still conscious of the momentum and projectile force of his mighty thoughts. When his big arm swung out like a catapult, his great heart and brain moved, inspired, and thrilled his pupils.

Dr. Anderson's manly, brotherly, fatherly, and motherly heart was a third factor of his inspiration. To some he seemed stern, grim, and severe. He had these elements in his nature. He had his days of January as well as his days of June. There were in his nature flashes of lightning as well as

floods of sunshine. He had his times of genuine severity as well as times of genial humor; his times of solitude as well as of sociality; his times of storm as well as of calm. But for the subduing influence of a higher power he would have made "a good hater." This element in the soul is not necessarily evil; when held in check by common sense and divine grace it makes manly men. Virile vigor is a need of the hour; men, who are every inch men, the world wants. If there was thunder in Dr. Anderson's voice, there was also tenderness. If there was lightning in his eye, there was also love. A student who had faced death often on the battlefield said he would walk up to the cannon's mouth rather than face Dr. Anderson's eye when asking a second time for an excuse on account of sickness. But that flashing eye might be seen suffused with tears of fatherly regard and of Christly love, and that voice was often broken with emotion as he spoke in the place of prayer, or warned and entreated a wayward student. Never were gentleness and strength more beautifully entwined than when he took his fragile wife into his manly arms and carried her in home or hotel up and downstairs. Never were paternal pride and filial love more beautifully blended than when he gave his aged father the place of honor in the pew in God's house or at the table in their own home. His courtesy, chivalry, and tenderness to wife and father are among the beautiful pictures of his princely manhood. The

same spirit was shown toward his country. He was a true American; there was no foreign mania about him. He rejoiced in the history of the republic, and he prophesied its grander future. During all the dark days of the war no more patriotic heart beat in any bosom. He never lost an opportunity to impress upon his students their duty to their country as well as to their God. His voice rang out like a trumpet on behalf of the imperiled republic, for the abolition of slavery, and for the loyal support of the government. At one of our anniversary meetings in Music Hall, Boston, he opened his address with the words: "This is the first time I have stood before a Boston audience since our country was born again," words which sent a thrill of enthusiasm through the vast assembly held spellbound by his patriotic and eloquent speech.

Dr. Anderson was as truly unique in his heart-power as in his brain-power. Having no children of his own, his heart went out to all "his boys," as if they were his own sons. They were truly the children of his heart. He rejoiced in seeing each one wearing the "*toga virilis*." He gloried in their prosperity. He greatly assisted them in deciding on their professions, and in securing their positions. He kept near the people. His heart throbbed, as did the heart of Christ, with sympathy for the common people. We need warmth, life, and love. We need brotherly, fatherly, and motherly men, gigantic in intellect, tender in heart,

and consecrated in life. Such a man was Martin B. Anderson. Such men give the world a marvelous uplift; they are an unspeakable benediction to their race.

But the greatest element of his power was his robust and roborant religious faith. When he was converted he was converted. Then he dedicated his body, soul, and spirit, to the good of man and to the glory of God. He dethroned self; he enthroned the Lord Jesus. Jesus Christ became his Prophet to teach him, his Priest to atone for him, and his King to command him. His mother, he himself has told us, led him by the hand across the fields to the little Baptist church near their home, and at the age of eighteen he was baptized into the fellowship of that church. How much we owe that mother! In the bottom of his soul he loved the interests of the denomination to which he gave the enthusiasm of his youth, the strength of his manhood, and the ripe wisdom of his later years. He had no apology to make for his religious faith or denominational position. He was broad, generous, courteous, Christian toward all men, Jew and Gentile, Romanist and Protestant; and this he was, not in spite of being a leal-hearted Baptist, but just because he was such a Baptist.

Although a great scholar himself, he did not consider it was his duty to cram his students with knowledge. He regarded himself as called rather to stimulate their intellects and to arouse their con-

sciences. He wished to teach them to know that they possessed tools, and to direct them to their true use. The man whom he could not arouse was hopelessly sluggish. All over this country his students can be found to-day who bless God for the intellectual stimulus and the moral inspiration which Dr. Anderson imparted. He knew how to forgive boyish follies as well as to repress serious forms of disobedience. He was thoroughly human in his struggles and sympathies while he inspired all to be more divine in their aspirations and attainments. Some of his sermons on the days of prayer for colleges will go with his students through life. He on these occasions stirred them to the very bottoms of their souls; he made their lives take hold on eternity. He gave to all of them noble inspiration, practical encouragement, and mighty moral impulsion; he held before them a glorious ideal of consecrated manhood; and he made them look into eternity for the highest motives toward true success in life.

He judged himself and his work by the Divine standard; and so the great secret of his life was his faith in the Son of God. It may be said of him, as it is said of Moses in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the honor roll of faith's heroes and heroines, "He endured, as seeing him who is invisible." This is the deep secret of Dr. Anderson's life; this is the true source of his power. No man can ever attain to the highest possibilities that

are within him whose life does not take hold on eternity. No man can do the impossible unless he can see the invisible. Character gives power. It is the man behind the words who makes the words winged, mighty, and almost divine. The man who takes hold on God takes hold on men. The highest moral heroism is impossible except as the result of this divine fellowship. George Eliot would have crowned her name with immortal glory had her life in her maturer years swept upward to God's throne and heart. Only as men live in the light of eternity do they most gloriously illumine their pathway in time. Dr. Anderson strove, to use an expression which he often repeated, "to live over again the life of the Lord Jesus." He constantly recognized the fact that the secret of all noble living is self-sacrifice. Toward the close of his public life especially did he emphasize the words of another great soul, "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus." These words, which he often quoted with trembling voice, unconsciously incarnated the spirit of his own life. He strove to imitate the example of Christ, "who came to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." He knew nothing, even to the very last, of the weakness which Milton calls "that last infirmity of noble minds." In the writer's last interview with him as he was on his way to Florida to die, he spoke of President Hill in words of much appreciation, admiration, and affection. He declared it to be his

intention to assist him in raising money for the University, and in doing other work on its behalf so long as God would permit him to live. Never was a greater truth taught the world than when our Lord said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." We have here the statement of a law universal as gravitation, and eternal as God. There is no nobler motto for men or angels than that of the Prince of Wales, "*Ich dien*"—I serve. The Prince of heaven came serving—came not being ministered unto but ministering unto others. In this respect Dr. Anderson "lived over again the life of the Lord Jesus." The words of Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, one of the most honored alumni of Rochester, whether spoken of Dr. Anderson or not, express the thought of all who knew Dr. Anderson, and especially the thought of all his students:

> Ideal Christian, teacher, master, man,
> Severely sweet, a gracious Puritan,
> Beyond my praise to-day, beyond their blame,
> He spurs me yet with his remembered name.

Dr. Anderson's work will abide. New England gained her great place in this republic because of the attention which she gave to education. The people who first came into New England contained an unusually large proportion of English university men; this was especially true of the ministers.

These educated ministers, although dead, still speak and act; they created the mold into which their descendants have been run; they have made New England felt throughout America and the world. When these university-bred men died, there was a noble body of men bred in American colleges ready to take their places. The great colleges founded in that early day have been the bulwarks of education, of liberty, and of religion. The man who founds by money or brains a great university, which remains loyal to truth and God, does more to bless men and to honor God than man or angel can estimate. He founds the most enduring institution this side of God's throne. Oxford and Cambridge have outlived tremendous national cataclysms. They are more enduring than the British throne. It is conceivable that a republic may take the place one day of the British monarchy; but amid the crash of thrones and dynasties, should this change come, these great universities will stand unmoved. Empires may rise and fall; dynasties change and decay; but these institutions of learning shall be like mighty lighthouses resting on the eternal rock, and sending out the light of science and religion, blended into one flame, to illumine the world and to glorify God.

Dr. Anderson often spoke as if he were living in vain and toiling for naught. He often experienced the loneliness peculiar to true genius. His restless activity grew weary with necessary delays and in-

evitable limitations in realizing his great plans. Often his words were tinged with deep sadness, but we can estimate better than he could the breadth, height, and perpetuity of his work. It thus comes to pass that the end of his life may be contemplated without sorrow. It was a great life, nobly lived and triumphantly ended. The sun which had so resplendently shone was not eclipsed at noonday; it set at evening time, making the western sky radiant with its crimson and gold. As a shock of corn in its season, so was this imperial man gathered. A glorious combatant fought the good fight; a stalwart runner finished the course; a loving and loyal disciple kept the faith; and a prince of royal blood has received the crown. In all these things, there is cause not for sorrow, but joy; not for grief, but for gladness. We may think of him not to wail out a *miserere*, but to chant a *Te Deum*. "*Esto fidelis usque ad mortem, et tibi dabo coronam vitæ*," is the exhortation and promise of the enthroned Redeemer. Dr. Anderson has received the victor's triple crown—crown of life, of righteousness, and of glory. Let us who are soldiers still militant, learn inspiring lessons from the life of our beloved commander now triumphant.

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR.

NEW YORK.

V

AS A DENOMINATIONAL FORCE

PRESIDENT ANDERSON was not forty-five years old when he dismissed me with my diploma; and I continue to think of him as a young and admirable educator, facing a distinguished future. This conception of him will qualify and interpret what I have now to say of him.

He was a man of remarkable force, created for power and influence, predestined to kinghood. There are men who seem to have reserved power that never expresses itself. President Anderson's abundant reserved power was constantly passing into revealed and developed power. He was always in action, always at the front, always dealing mighty blows. He never disappointed expectation. When great occasions came, it was seen that he was equal to them. At his funeral, President Strong named him "the foremost citizen of Rochester." It was in him to be foremost, for the reason that he was essential energy, power in exercise, a man of affairs who brought things to pass. In class-room or drawing room, political assembly or church, in all places, even his silent presence was felt. To be where he was, was to be consciously in an atmos-

phere of power. One was thrilled as by a spiritual electricity.

His force was not all of one kind; it was multiform. Physically, he was a son of Anak. His gestures were mighty; his voice had the firmness of adamant; the glances of his eyes were like bars of steel.

He was intellectually forceful. There is an intellect that explores and discovers and acquires, and seems thus to accomplish its mission. There is an intellect that delights in its own perfection, a self-complacent intellect, happy that it has attained to fine culture, sometimes allowing itself to be admired of men. There is an intellect that shines and illuminates, that vitalizes and invigorates, that yields itself instinctively to high service. It cannot be a light under a bushel, consuming ecstatically in its own excess of radiance; its proper place is on the lamp-stand. President Anderson's intellect was of this sort. It was a light that shone out into darkness and dissipated it. It was the intellect of the teacher, of the apostle, of the master. The light that was in him was light for men.

In all the elements of moral character, in conscience and affections and will, Dr. Anderson was forceful. His imperial conscience not only governed his own life; it also subdued other lives to its authority. In his presence, the wrong-doer stood self-condemned. There was little need that he should speak words of rebuke; he was himself a rebuke.

Of the strength of his affections and of the kingliness of his will, all who knew him had knowledge. He could say with Wisdom, "My delight was with the sons of men." His superb will, which controlled and directed all his powers, was suffused with tenderness. His moral indignations were tempered by a divine sympathy and compassion. Like David, he was a man of war who sang songs of salvation as he fought. He was a *Captain Great-Heart*, whom men could honor and women trust.

I have been trying to give expression to the conception of President Anderson as multiform force, which is with me the constant and ruling one. As thinker, believer, teacher, friend, he was always powerful. He was an Agamemnon, king of men. He was a much-contriving, much-achieving, much-enduring Ulysses.

Imagine this man established in the heart of a great Christian denomination. Being the man that he is, the denomination will thrill and throb with his might. He will be wise and fruitful of suggestion; but beyond and above all that, he will be powerful and influential. He will go to the front, and the people will follow him. His pupils often received from him the exhortation: "Create a soul under the ribs of death!" If he could not do precisely that, it was in him to develop a larger and stronger soul under the ribs of life. In the inspiration which he brought, the denomination realized more fully its own power, and honored him who brought it.

President Anderson was a denominational force for the reason that he was loyal in heart and life to the denominational faith. His loyalty was invigorated, I am sure, by the philosophy of religion in which he had thoroughly schooled himself. He was able to join without embarrassment in the appeal of Protestantism to the law and the testimony; and it was his constant Protestantism that held him to the Baptist foundation. He did not lay claim to the nicest and most exact scholarship in the original languages of the sacred Scriptures, nor did he put himself forward as an expert in theology and ecclesiology. With all his large learning, omniscience was not his foible. Early in life he had faced the question of personal religion, and in due time had returned his answer. His answer was intelligent; his faith was reasoned and reasonable. He found the Bible on his hands, an ancient and unique book, which the church affirmed to be divinely inspired and authoritative. It was not in him to accept without examination even this solemn and ancient affirmation of the church. He required of the Bible that it give an account of itself. His investigation was practical and thorough, with the result that the Bible not only contains, but also in a true sense is, the word of God. This faith of his in the Bible continued unshaken to the end. It was a wide and wise faith, a faith that would fearlessly give utmost scope to the keenest and most adventurous scholarship, a faith that welcomed light and

accepted instruction. His attitude toward what goes by the name of higher criticism was at once hospitable and courageous. Honest and competent explorers would make valuable discoveries; sappers and miners would have their labor for their pains. He had found the divine Bible; better than that, the divine Bible had found him. Why should he be afraid? His loyalty to the Bible was of such nature that it proffered opportunity for increasing knowledge of it; and no keenest and brightest student ever felt for a moment that the Bible of his revered and majestic teacher was a fetich, or that his faith in it was of such a sort as to provoke intelligent men to resentment and skepticism. Meanwhile those who knew him most intimately, and were in the secret of his spiritual life, were profoundly impressed that the Bible was his stay and comfort in hours of conflict and darkness. He drank from it as from a brook by the way, and was refreshed. It brought strength to his character and inspiration to his life.

The preciousness of the Bible for Dr. Anderson was due chiefly to the fact that it made him acquainted with Jesus Christ. "The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy." The entire Bible was radiant with the light which streamed from the face of the Son of Man, whom he loved as his Saviour, obeyed as his King, adored as his God. His devotion to Christ found twofold expression. He sought earnestly personal transformation into

his likeness, and he labored to build up his kingdom on the earth. This twofold service was sacrificial: he shrank not from the hard embrace of the cross. He suffered with his Lord, that he might reign with him. In the breast of the valiant soldier there beat a loving heart, and he shed sweetness and light as he pursued his majestic journey.

If the Bible made Christ known to him, Christ in his turn made the Bible sacred and commanding. It was Christ who spoke to him out of the Bible, and he bowed both to the voice and to him who uttered it. He could not dissociate obedience to Christ from loyalty to the word. The cry of "back from the Bible to Christ" never rose from his lips. What God had joined together he did not dare put asunder.

His intelligent recognition of the authority of Christ and of the Bible made and kept him a Baptist. Acknowledging the rights of reason and conscience, he never allowed them to invade the jurisdiction of the written and of the living word. Reverencing the church as the body of Christ, he never allowed it to invade the function of its divine Head. Accepting the challenge to give a reason for his faith, he never was beguiled into rationalistic dogmatism. Receiving with meekness baptism and the holy supper, he resisted every sacramentarian assumption. The Christ whom he served is Lord of all the ages, announcing by his own lips and the lips of his apostles the essentials of doctrine and ritual

for all time; and he conceded to neither congregation nor council the right of radical revision and change. The simple faith in which this wise and strong man bowed before the majesty of Christ and of the Bible was wonderful to behold.

But one could not know him long and well without discovering that his simple faith as a Baptist was reinforced by all that he had gained from wide reading, from profound philosophical and ethical study, and from intimate companionship with Christ in all the ways of holy living. The roots of his denominational faith went down into the nature of things. So it came to pass that he could hold up his head as a Baptist among thinkers and scholars and saints. He was too good a Baptist to denounce any man for exercising intelligently and honorably his right of private judgment. His denominational faith was catholic and generous, and he maintained it in a catholic and generous spirit. He believed in the holy catholic church, in the one spiritual body of Christ discoverable in churches of all names, even in many elect souls outside of all churches, and he rejoiced in the fellowship of all saints. None the less, as a man strenuously loyal to his convictions of truth and duty, he lived and died a Baptist. Thus did he uphold the majesty and sacredness of truth, and thus did he contribute to the ultimate unity of the church of Christ.

Dr. Anderson's interest in those who were of his

own denomination was constant and hearty. He had studied in the school of the prophets, but had not been ordained. His special study drew him toward ministers, and helped him to understand them; his remaining outside of the ministerial and pastoral office kept him in sympathetic touch with laymen. The ministers knew that he comprehended the spirit and significance of their work; the laymen did not think him precluded by ministerial limitations from entering into their thought and life. Barriers thus on either side being prevented, he yielded to his fraternal impulses, and gained abundant entrance into the fellowship and confidence of his brethren. Business men and men in the professions felt that he had much in common with them, and valued both his companionship and his counsel. They, in their turn, interested themselves in his work, and contributed generously to its support. When his former pupils entered upon business or professional life, he was forward with words of encouragement, was ready with wise suggestions in emergencies, and sought to promote those who were worthy to positions of responsibility and honor. He believed in the ability of young men for high achievement, and cautioned them against timid postponement of substantial and large success.

Outside of the class-room, he received his pupils upon the footing of friends, respecting their manhood and companying with them as brethren. He

knew human nature, abhorred superstitions and whims, and interpreted character and conduct in the light of fundamental principles. He discriminated between faults and sins, and was careful not to administer reproof when only advice was needed. What wonder that his pupils loved and revered him? He was not a martinet; he was a sage.

His interest in ministers was warm and helpful. He respected the sacredness of their office, and honored them for their work. He often spoke of the "responsibility and influence of those to whom had been assigned the *cure of souls*." For his own pastor he always showed a tender and intelligent regard. If he was disheartened, he encouraged him. If he was perplexed by problems of thought or administration, he gave him wise counsel. He sought always to promote his influence in the congregation and in the community. When his own pupils became ministers, he kept a loving and watchful eye upon them. If their fields were obscure and difficult, he incited them to patience and courage. If they were called to important positions, he blended sagacious counsel with hearty congratulations. Sometimes when he thought they had done well, he surprised them by what they modestly imagined a premature bestowal of the honors which colleges and universities are wont to distribute among the children of men.

President Anderson was often called to the pulpit. He preached in the college chapel on the ap-

pointed days of prayer for colleges and in times of special religious interest. He frequently officiated for the Rochester pastors of different communions. He was in demand for the dedication of meeting-houses, and was summoned to the front on great denominational occasions. His sermons to the students, always marked by seriousness, often rose into awful solemnity. He not only made powerful appeal to the conscience, but also showed intimate knowledge of the human mind and heart. Men listened to him and thought of the day of judgment. He spent little time upon the incidents of his text. All mere forms of truth, sometimes even the historic, are provisional and economic; and he refused to spend undue time and strength upon them. He seized the principle embodied in the form, and used it as a master-key for the opening of all locks. Sometimes he was extremely bold in the application of the principle he had in hand. He was preaching one Sunday in a Presbyterian church in Rochester, and he quite startled me by saying that in the light of the truth under discussion certain Presbyterian beliefs and usages seemed to be aside from the mark. But Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, in a sermon preached not long before at the commencement of the seminary, had with equal boldness traversed Baptist beliefs and usages. I am not startled now by such boldness, nor do I count it discourtesy. Honorable men enjoy honest speech.

Unstudious preachers often prattle about the simplicity of the teachings of our Lord, and imagine that in the mouthing of their shallow sermonettes they follow in the steps of him who spake as never man spake. President Anderson would have taught them that the simplest saying of our Lord has unfathomable depths, and that the true simplicity is acquired only by the most laborious study and the profoundest thinking.

I have failed of my purpose in what I have written if many added words are needed to set forth President Anderson's influence as a man. What must be the influence of a son of Adam who is embodied force, who is sincere to the core of his being, who has educated to the utmost his naturally powerful faculties, who loves God and his neighbor, who realizes that he was sent into the world for high and sacred ends, and whose whole life is conspicuously sacrificial? If this question is rightly answered, the influence as a man of the great college president will be abundantly disclosed.

CEPHAS B. CRANE.

CONCORD, N. H.

VI

AS A PUBLIC MAN

IN writing of Dr. Anderson as a public man, I can give only impressions as to his public capacity rather than pass judgment on his public acts. My relations with him, though in a sense intimate, had neither the extent nor continuity necessary to a full and authoritative presentation of a great career.

Dr. Anderson was a public man in a peculiar sense. Except that of a domestic character remarkably sweet and beautiful, he may be said to have had no private life. After his connection with the university became fixed and permanent, he had no business, no interests, no aspirations that were not of a public character. His sole purpose, to an extent hardly to be paralleled in any other life of our time, was the advancement of the general welfare through the elevation of American character, the potency of a higher manhood, and the evolution of a better civilization.

These results he sought to promote, not by the formulation of specific social or political theories, or the application of particular political methods, but by persistent, unselfish efforts to elevate indi-

vidual motive, and inspire the application of individual powers to the promotion of the noblest public aim. It is a public career almost unique in our American life.

He was a politician who had little faith in party principles unless incarnated in high-minded men: a partisan who deemed the distribution of the spoils of office neither essential to, nor promotive of, the formulation and enactment of wise laws; a publicist whose work concerned the common welfare rather than upheld a specific theory; an economist not in entire harmony with the views of any party; a reformer who believed prevention better than cure; a philanthropist who sought to inspire the strong to deal justly and wisely rather than shield the weak from woe; a Christian who gave more thought to the betterment of earthly conditions than to the anticipation of heavenly delights.

As a consequence, he left no political disquisitions likely to be of permanent value; there is no Andersonian clique or following in politics or economics; no Andersonian fad; no reform which counts him among its tutelary saints. There is only an Andersonian ideal of manhood, of public duty, and of patriotic purpose. He originated no political method or economic theory, and his teaching was not specially promotive of the views of any party. He was not the recognized champion of any economic theory or social polity. He thought less of the relation of the State to the individual

than of the duty of the individual to the State. His public life is less notable for what he achieved in public station, than for the ideal of public duty which he impressed on those coming within the scope of his influence—the impulse with which he inspired others to use their powers, in whatever relation of life, for the betterment of collective conditions.

As an educator, a writer, a thinker, and a doer, Dr. Anderson was essentially and almost wholly a public man. Even as a Christian and sectary, his chief motive was always the public welfare. As a teacher, his purpose was to inspire men to promote the general good. He stimulated the desire to succeed because he recognized, as few men ever have, that the general good was best promoted by individual success. Individual achievement was the lever by which he looked to see the world lifted up, wrong righted, conditions bettered. His ideal of manhood was set forth in the phrase which was so frequently on his lips, "One who causes things to come to pass." They might be great events or small ones; if they were only events commensurate with the capacity of the indvidual, he was content. He did not expect the saints to inherit the earth without fighting for it, and so would train them to fight, in order that they might not lose the divine bequest. He counted the old Adam the most essential element of the new man. As with fruits the best results are obtained by grafting the im-

proved sorts on the more vigorous stocks, so with man he regarded vigor, will, determination, the *sine qua non* of collective betterment.

Dr. Anderson has often been termed a worshiper of success; and in a sense he was. His admiration for the man who overcame difficulties, and accomplished what others failed to do, amounted almost to reverence. He was Carlylean in his love of potentiality and his hate of weakness; but unlike Carlyle, he did not allow his love of power to blind his eyes to evil, nor waste his own strength in cursing the shortcomings of the weak. He delighted in the strong—the Samson who pulled down a temple on his own head; the Cromwell who overthrew a dynasty; the Cæsar who founded an empire; the inventor who opened a new field of human activity; the statesman who foiled a cabal; or the soldier who conquered his enemy.

His intense conviction that power to accomplish results is the first essential of success, led him sometimes to express a contempt for weakness which was almost brutal. "You can chain a torrent and make it work," one of his pupils once said in an address to which he listened, "but a puddle is a hopeless thing." "Worse than that," replied Dr. Anderson, in commenting on this remark. "The torrent may overwhelm and kill a hundred; but the puddle breeds disease that may destroy millions. Strength may accomplish either good or bad results; weakness is potent only for evil."

In accordance with this view he regarded true civilization as only a graft of better purpose, which culture fixes on savage stamina, and deplored the weakness that resulted from the complex character of modern life. His view of government and citizenship was that the citizen should shape the government and make it a means for the promotion of his best impulses, not so much through the restraint of evil tendency in others, as by multiplying and perfecting the means of accomplishing good. He had little sympathy with that theory of government which makes the collective power merely a truss for individual infirmity. "The best reform," he once said, "is that which raises men who do not need to be reformed." To his mind the unit of force, in all moral, social, and political progress, was always the individual.

He did not like the study of collective tendencies and rarely speculated at much length, perhaps never profoundly, in regard to them. In considering historical events, he was led by this very inclination to magnify the influence of certain individuals upon specific epochs. He underestimated the masses, or rather failed to note that the great leader was but the index-finger of the time in which he lived. There was one exception to this: in treating of the establishment of the American Republic, he delighted especially in showing that it was a product of the general conditions of our colonial life. The idea of attributing to the select few among

"the fathers" the excellencies of the American system was particularly abhorrent to him, and every student will remember with what a relish he stripped the feathers of pretence from some of them.

His knowledge of political events, and of the machinations by which specific political results were effected, was varied and profound. His admiration for the individual power to "cause things to come to pass," gave him special delight in following the course of diplomacy and intrigue which form the woof of political life. He loved to trace the dark, red figures in the web of history, and note the skill with which this hand or that threw the shuttle which produced them. Of the warp, the dull, dark filaments, the rise and fall of which hold the bright threads in place, and give value to the figures which they form, he was inclined to be neglectful; or rather, it might be said, he regarded them as controlled and manipulated by the hands that traced the pattern. He counted the excesses of the French Revolution as direct results of the false theories of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century; he did not give much thought to the influences which caused those philosophers to err.

The same tendencies made him love a strong people and despise a weak one. As he counted it the first duty of man to be strong that he might achieve, he regarded it as the prime essential of nationality to be powerful. He gloried in the

strength of England, and was intensely interested in the unification of Germany, the evolution of the nineteenth century empire, which he attributed more to Bismarck than to the instrumentalities which had been forged ready to his hand. He thought Bismarck the one man who had been able to reverse the tendencies of the present and seat the past firmly in the saddle of power. He once termed this marvel of modern empire building "the most interesting study in history."

On the other hand, the decadence of Italy and Spain depressed him. He could not understand weakness, and had no love for historical morbid anatomy. He studied some phases of modern Italian life with great assiduity, notably the *metayer* system, which he hoped might be valuable in ameliorating our Southern conditions. His conclusions were not reliable, because he to a great extent ignored the most essential factor, the character of the laborer.

He was an intense American, not because he himself was an American, nor from any desire to win popular approval, but from a profound conviction that American civilization is the outcome of the world's best life, and is destined to produce the highest type, as it has already evolved the highest average of manhood. To attain this end, collective power to resist deterioration resulting from the unrestrained influx of debased elements was to his mind the prime essential.

The Hamiltonian theory of our government naturally appealed with peculiar force to a man of such ideals; and though his fear of harmful results from the restraint of individual tendencies inclined him strongly to the economic theories of Adam Smith, his invincible bias toward desirable achievement led him to admit the practical advantages of a protective system.

This writer had not the same opportunity to know his economic views as many others enjoyed. What he heard of them as a student, he probably but half comprehended and may not correctly recall. They certainly did not make so deep an impression on his mind as the views of his instructor upon some other subjects. During the years when they met on familiar terms, it was not a predominate issue, and came to the surface in our intercourse only incidentally. The labor problem, that is, the relation of wages to the profits of production, had not then assumed such importance or perhaps had not been so clearly defined; and protection meant at that time the establishment of varied industries rather than the maintenance of a higher rate of wages or the profitable engagement of the unemployed.

Dr. Anderson's mind was assertive and illustrative rather than demonstrative. He was careless of premises and authority, and seldom anxious to mark the path by which he arrived at conclusions. Facts, illustrations, aphorisms, came bursting from

his lips with great gaps of unformulated sequence between, which the listener was expected to supply. Deduction, to his mind, was not a laborious creeping from point to point like the progress of a centipede, but a flight from crest to crest like the eagle's. One saw the progress, perhaps wondered at it, but rarely doubted the rectitude of his flight. The listener may have missed the path himself and wondered whither it really led, but he never questioned that Dr. Anderson had reached the landmarks he pointed out by earnest endeavor and sincere research. One might not perceive the play of muscle from which it resulted, but the force of his blow was indubitable.

His conversation, like his public speech, was aphoristic in a degree, very remarkable with one little given to the play of wit. Metaphor for the sake of metaphor had little charm for him; but metaphor as a club to drive home ideas, he used with a ponderous quaintness which showed the keen sense of humor which was one of the basic elements of his power. His aphorisms were always arguments. Many have expressed sorrow that his literary work was not more voluminous and elaborate. He himself was sometimes inclined to self-reproach for not having devoted what he termed his leisure to some particular topic. Those who knew him best will regret much more deeply that the things he *said* were not more carefully preserved. Few men ever had the power which he pos-

sessed to put a man, a theory, a book, a system of philosophy, or an age into a sentence. These sentences he scattered with a lavish and careless profusion which testified how infinitely he was above the mere phrasemonger whom he despised. They were the crystals which a mind of rare power distilled from a life of varied research. Their loss is irreparable. They were the true essence of the man.

Every student has a few of these diamonds stored in his memory; the greater part, perhaps the better part, came without previous intentment, fell before swine, and were lost. Small as was my opportunity, I blame myself for the many I have forgotten.

"Mazzini," he once said, "was a submerged volcano—a mass of red-hot liberalism which the ocean of reactionary conservatism could not put out."

Speaking of that class of men, mere students who absorb the thoughts of others without adding anything to the store of knowledge, he said: "They are mere sponges, of course, but they have their place, especially in educational work; they have only to be squeezed to give out what they have absorbed, uncolored by any thought of their own."

Referring to Sir John Lawrence, he said:

"India is the dead lion from whose decaying carcass England gathers honey. A century of misrule and oppression has given her an array of heroes, statesmen, reformers, hardly to be matched, with Jan Larens at their head."

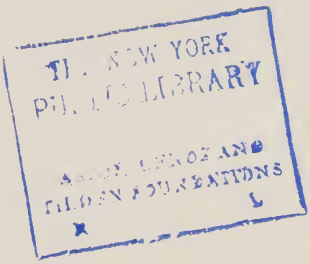
Alluding to the effect of the English government upon the character of the English people, he said :

"After all, the power and prosperity of England depend chiefly on the irrepressible conflict that exists between the Englishman and the British constitution ; the hope of being a Lord Somebody has made men of millions of her nobodies."

Despite his love of liberty and invincible hatred of oppression, Dr. Anderson was not in full sympathy with the abolition movement. This, no doubt, arose from two reasons, first his instinctive love of law, and second a not unreasonable apprehension as to the results of a general emancipation of the slaves. There was always a flavor of lawlessness about the abolition movement which was greatly magnified by the declarations of some of its leaders. The idea of denominating the Constitution of the United States "a league with hell," stirred every fibre of his nature to protest. Every one will remember what a terrible thumping the old Bible got whenever he had occasion to allude to it in chapel. He hailed the organization of the Republican party with especial pleasure, because it seemed to be a substitution of legitimate for half-legitimate methods of securing the liberation of the slaves.

The writer had especial reason to note his position upon this subject. In the campaign of 1860, a marching club of what were known as "Wide

THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.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Awakes" was organized, of which he was elected captain, and R. M. Tuttle, of the class of '62, the secretary. The organization was effected during the absence of the president, but wholly without any thought of awakening his displeasure. The first knowledge of that came from his appearance in the basement of the old hotel which was then the college building, which we had appropriated as a drill-room. It is doubtful if any of us who saw him then will ever forget the angry sternness of his countenance as he asked what was the meaning of our proceedings. Some attempt at explanation was made; but it was far from being a brilliant success. The captain and secretary underwent not a bad quarter of an hour, but something like a century of moral pulverization at his hands, and had only begun the process of re-collecting the fragments of self-hood, when the next morning he gave an hour of the most brilliant disquisition upon the political situation and the danger that might arise from the popular agitation of the delicate and dangerous questions that had swallowed up all other issues. It was the first serious forecast to which any of us had listened of the conflict which within a few months was to bring upon the nation a deluge of blood. This lecture and the remarks he made upon the execution of John Brown, a year before, were among the broadest and most impressive addresses the writer has ever heard. Their character was so grave, apprehensive, and conservative as to

make the impassioned words that fell from his lips when the firing on Fort Sumter first became known, almost a surprise. Few who heard the latter will ever forget the intensity and force with which he applied to the nation in its crucial hour the injunction of Jehovah to the leader of his people: "Be ye strong and very courageous." Dwelling lightly enough upon the woes of war, his whole heart seemed overwhelmed with apprehension, lest the American people should fail in nerve, in resolution, in fortitude. Speaking of that period some years afterward, he said: "I sometimes think that with my Scotch blood I inherited a tinge of that second sight, which is after all only intensity of thought on a specific subject. For a week or so I was as one dazed; I cannot remember anything that happened. I thought I must stand by the University, then in a peculiar strait, while all the time it seemed as if the country was calling me to do something. I seemed to see the whole panorama of the long war, the nation's agony, and especially the danger to civilization which the rupture of the republic would bring about. I could think of nothing but the long list of national failures, blighted peoples, shattered powers, and tremble lest another name should be added to it. It was only when I saw how the people answered to the call for troops and realized that a new spirit was abroad in the land that I began to recover my usual poise of mind. Every now and then, some one tells me of some-

thing that happened those weeks, but I only dimly recall it."

He threw himself into the work of raising troops with that energy and singleness of purpose which were characteristic of him. Taking no official position, still keeping his hand upon the university, his voice was heard in every portion of the State, and in all the work of organization he is said to have been a tireless worker and a most valued counsellor. Personally, I knew little of it.

I may perhaps be pardoned for alluding to the second letter I received from him, simply to show the bias of his thought. He had written to inquire what prospect there was of my recovery from a wound, received in the first battle of Bull Run, which it was supposed would permanently cripple me, and asked what I intended to do. In answer I suggested that there did not seem to be anything I could do, unless it was to keep a toll-gate on a plank road. Replying he said: "When a man has done his best, it is enough; and even one who tends a toll-gate need not feel that he is not a worthy part of the world's life, if he makes correct change and does not delay the travelers."

His interest in the events which succeeded the war was keen and earnest without being dogmatic. He had no theory, and never seemed so hopeful as most people in regard to the near future; as to the ultimate outcome, so strong was his faith in American civilization and the destiny of the republic,

that it may be questioned if he ever doubted. He admitted that the study of history gave no parallel of the situation, and few even remote analogies. He thought the problem too intricate, and its elements too indistinctly defined, to permit any one to predict the forms it would assume, or even the means of the solution.

Speaking of the race problem, and the fact that it was more difficult and dangerous than slavery, he once said:

"It is the peculiarity of social progress that the effect of remedying one evil is always to unmask a more difficult one. In the earlier stages of civilization the effort of society is to restrain the individual; in its later stages to restrain groups or classes. And the fewer the classes become, the more difficult is the task, not only because the body to be moved is larger, but because no class ever concerns itself about another's wrongs until its own rights are in danger. Slavery would not have been abolished in a century if the slaves had not been counted in representation; and the negro citizen will never enjoy equal rights until a majority of the whites feel themselves pinched in privilege by the form that restricts his legal power."

He was especially anxious and careful as to the progress the colored race is making, or likely to make, not so much in education and accumulation, as in manhood.

"I do not understand them," he wrote in one of

his last letters. "I cannot get hold of them. Their future seems as dark as their past, and both are inscrutable to me. They are stronger and weaker, better and yet more hopeless, than I hoped they would be, after so many years. It is not enough for a people to be wronged, they must be feared before another will do them justice. The colored people will have to stop asking for favor before they will get justice."

In these remarks I have only sought to give an idea of the character of Dr. Anderson in his relation to public events, as it impressed me, not to analyze his work or measure his influence. He was an active citizen ; as an official, his conduct was worthy of the high ideals he professed. Largely by his exertion the international legislation by which the gorge of Niagara is "preserved for the delight and instruction of the ages," was enacted, and he fulfilled the pledge with which he accepted a place on the commission to the letter, "to give assurance to the people of New York that there is one public enterprise within her borders which has not the shadow of a 'job' in it."

If the views I have expressed of his character as a public man are correct, the value of his services to the American people cannot be well estimated. He was not a statesman, in that he neither formulated nor carried into effect measures of great public import. He was not a publicist whose work was important for originality or extent. He was

not a partisan who welded individuals into masses animated by a common purpose for the achievement of great results. He was not a diplomatist in whose hands lay the destinies of nations, though had opportunity offered he would undoubtedly have excelled as such. He was not an agitator, nor a civil administrator to whom great reforms were due. For all these relations he showed an aptitude and capacity which attest the fact that he would have done himself and the country credit in any of them; but it is as a stimulator of the sense of public duty in the individual that he stands pre-eminent. No monument and no memorial can do justice to the untiring assiduity with which he instilled this impulse in those who fell under his influence. Every address, every lecture in chapel, every conversation, was redolent with the ideas that the highest function of man is to promote a better manhood, improve the conditions of his fellows. The value of such teaching can be estimated only by its effect on those whose ideal he helped to shape. Of him it can be said that the qualities which founded the university under conditions of the utmost difficulty, under other conditions might have founded a State; but whether State or university claimed his powers, the end of his endeavor would not have been his own glory or advantage, but the common good.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

MAYVILLE, N. Y.

VII

A CHARACTERIZATION

MY honored father died when I was two years old; and I never saw my beloved mother after I was parted from her at the age of six. Nevertheless I have been peculiarly fortunate in my educators; having been blessed with such noble teachers as Francis Wayland and Martin Brewer Anderson. Not that the latter was in the technical sense my teacher. But in the moral sense he certainly was. For when I entered my Rochester pastorate, inexperienced in public duties and delicate in health, he put his strong arms around me, and not only kept me from sinking, but daily lifted me up into a higher plane of thought and aim and life. I suppose there was scarcely a Sunday evening, after worship, when he did not invite me to walk with him, talking soothingly about my little sermons, delicately pointing out their faults, ingeniously suggesting improvements in method, heartily recognizing what he generously insisted were "good points." I do not believe the instructor ever lived who knew how to make more of a man, mentally and morally, than Teacher Anderson.

For me to attempt to portray such a character

would have been presumption had I not been requested to undertake it. Let my portrayal be the rough sketch of an Impressionist, rather than the elaborate representation of a Pre-raphaelite.

Richest memories cluster around the name of Martin Brewer Anderson. Memories of a stalwart personality: he was massive in frame; commanding in mien; impetuous in movement; athletic in purpose; bold in encounter; strenuous in grappling; heroic in achievement. Memories of an intellectual personality: he was solid in mentality; versatile in gifts; studious in habits; broad in range; keen in discernment; deductive in method; inductive in result; swift in processes; cautious in conclusions; practical in application. Memories of an æsthetic personality: he was rich in culture; varied in accomplishments; just in criticism; sensitive in appreciation; generous in encouragement; affluent in expression. Memories of a patriotic personality: he was intense in loyalty; versed in history; conservative in tendency; wise in opportunism; far sighted in statesmanship; national in pride; international in sympathy. Memories of a moral personality: he was acute in conscientiousness; sterling in principles; intense in convictions; exalted in aim; pure in life; philanthropic in temperament; helpful in instinct; stout in upbuilding. Memories of a prophetic personality: he was vigilant in scanning; intuitive in interpreting; instinctive in forecasting; far-sighted in horoscoping.

Memories of an educational personality: he was strong in foundations; apt in adjustments; youthful in spirit; considerate in judgment; vigorous in administration; watchful in observation; manly in treatment; fatherly in counsel; enthusiastic in helping; robust in buttressing. Memories of an affectionate personality: he was domestic in habits; appreciative in humor; loyal in friendships; chivalric in defense. Memories of a Christian personality: he was rich in experiences; devout in life; docile in exegesis; practical in theology; loyal in church life; zealous in good works; virile in character.

In brief, Martin Brewer Anderson was a Christian nobleman, towering among his fellow-men as the evergreen pine of his own native State towers among the forest trees. Gone, he is still here, speaking to his foster-sons throughout the world the motto of that same natal Commonwealth—

DIRIGO.

GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN.

PHILADELPHIA.